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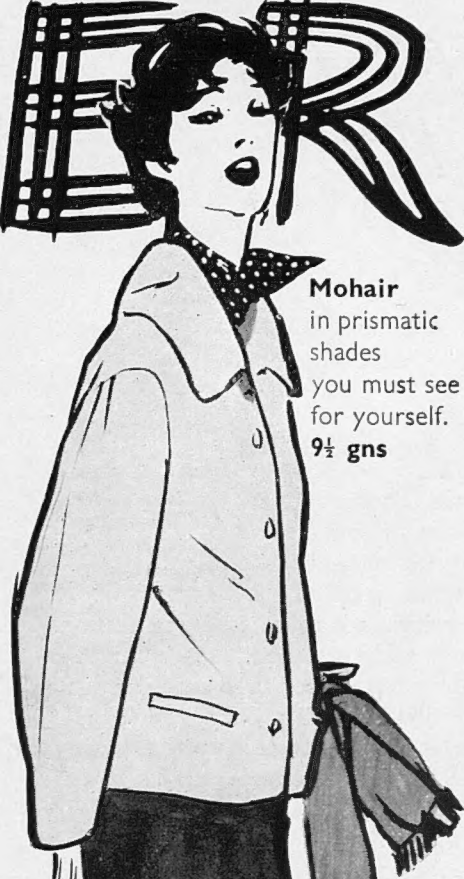
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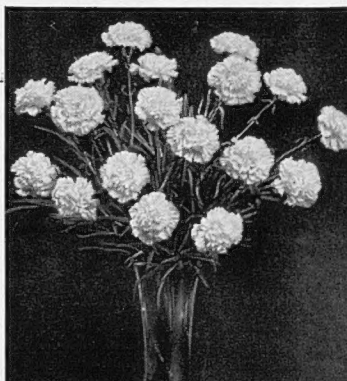
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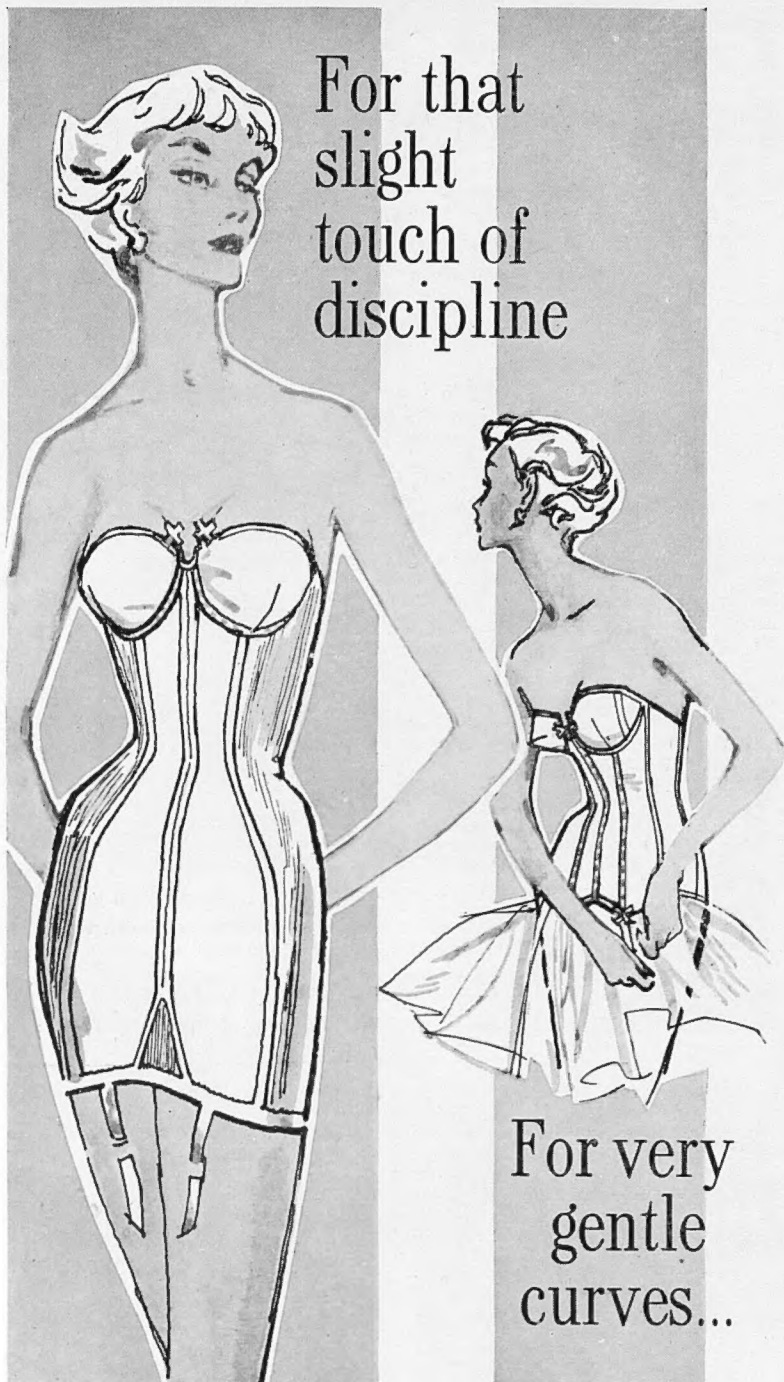


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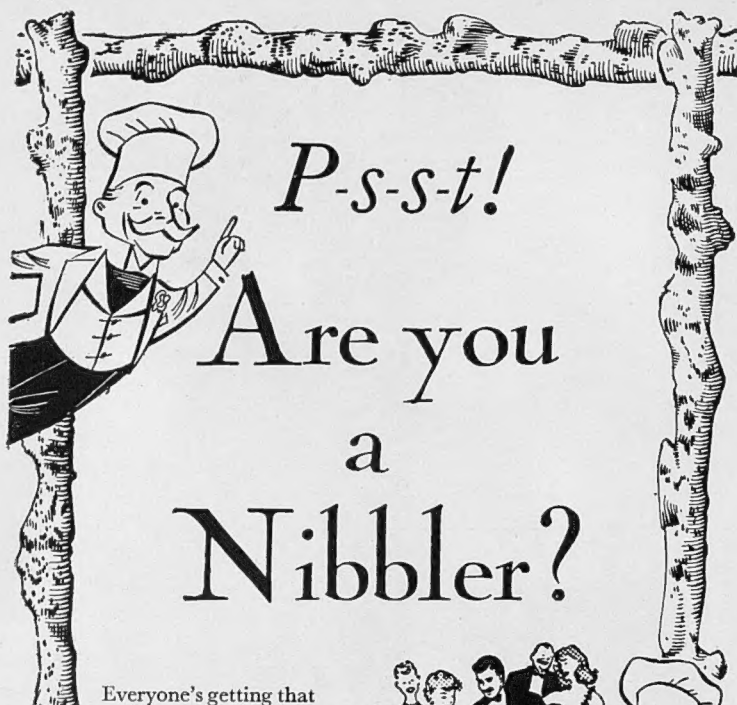
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Well it is, darling. Why the surprise?

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Yes, I suppose I have. I can't have seen you since Mary Smith's party when that new doctor's wife was telling me all about it.

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Well, you know I'd resigned myself to middle age spread and putting on an inch a year until I got to 80 or so?

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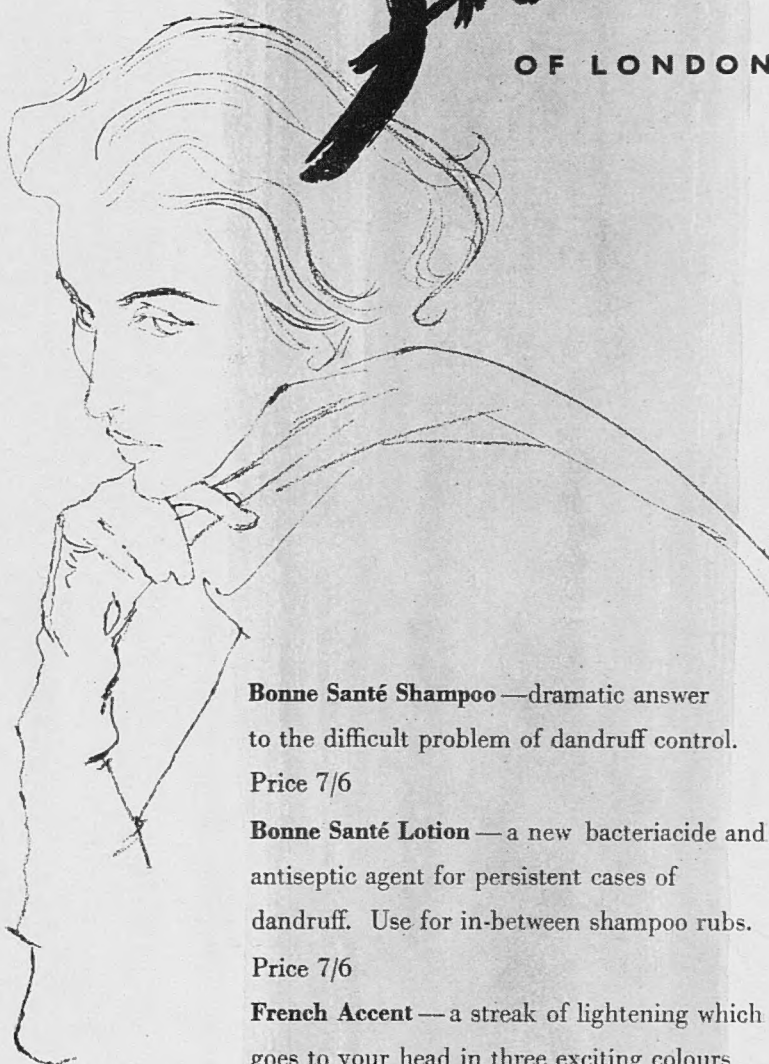
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“The year’s at the spring . . .”

AND all is certainly right with the world at such a place and moment as this, with the riders taking their first fence under a sun warm enough to fetch out the scent of the springy turf. The Fitzwilliam organized this event at Water Newton, near Peterborough, and the winner of this race, the Adjacent Hunts, was Royal Salute (Cottesmore) ridden by Mr. D. Gibson, seen on the left. More photographs of the point-to-point are on pp. 658-9



Gabor Denes

Three débutantes who will share a dance

MISS ANNE-MARIE DE SELINCOURT, Miss Clare Monck and Miss Caroline Beckford are seen in the drawing-room of Miss de Selincourt's home in Montpelier Square, S.W.1. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Martin de Selincourt and of Mrs. de Selincourt. Miss Monck is the daughter of Mr. Bosworth Monck and of Mrs. Kirwan, of King's Road, Chelsea, and is going up to Oxford in the autumn, while Miss Beckford is the daughter of Mrs. Beckford, and stepdaughter of Lt.-Col. J. Beckford, of Ardavilling House, Cloyne, Co. Cork

*It will take place in May,
at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond*

A STUDENT OF LANGUAGES

ONE of the most attractive of this season's débutantes who come from outside London is Miss Shaen Lindsey Stuart-Buttle, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Stuart-Buttle, of Heatley Manor, near Lymm, Cheshire, who attended the first of the presentation parties at Buckingham Palace. Miss Stuart-Buttle is an excellent linguist, having made a special study of languages while at Eastbourne Ladies' College



Zichy

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE EASTER BONNET BALL

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, wearing the most charming white embroidered organza dress, was presented with a bouquet in the form of an Easter bonnet when she attended the Easter Bonnet Ball at the May Fair Hotel. The ball was in aid of the Family Welfare Association, of which the Queen is Patron, and the Princess came with a party of young friends including Mr. James Macdonald-Buchanan and his pretty sister Mary, who wore a dress of flowered organza, Mr. Hornby, Mr. Julian Smith, and her lady-in-waiting, Lady Moyra Hamilton.

They sat at a big table with the president of the ball, Lady Mancroft, in a blue and green organza dress, and Lord Mancroft. Also at

the president's table were the chairman of the ball, Mrs. W. Wren, and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, Miss Virginia Llewellyn, Lady Philippa Wallop, in pale blue satin, Mr. Charles Petre, who recently won the President's Cup at Bullingdon, the first point-to-point of the season, on Grand Muveran, Miss Angela Dance in a black and white dress, and Mr. Thomas Dunne.

MEMBERS of parties at other tables included Major the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry, the latter looking lovely in an orchid pink dress, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, Sir Robert and Lady Muir Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. John Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Page and American Mrs. Mulliken, who had been responsible for much of the charming

décor, features of which were the gay hats and bonnets made out of coloured blotting paper, which adorned the walls, and the little bonnet-shaped place cards on the tables. There was also a most amusing parade of very exotic bonnets which were judged by the Hon. Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Hugh Beresford, and for which the Princess presented the prizes to the winners. An excellent cabaret was given by Mexican twins, who sang amusingly and did a patter dance.

★ ★ ★
ALTHOUGH with the exception of the Household Cavalry and the King's Troop of the R.H.A., there are now no mounted units in the British Army, the Grand Military

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

The Queen at Sandown
presented Gold Cup

National Hunt Race Meeting at Sandown still draws a very big attendance of Servicemen as well as regular racegoers. But it is a sign of the times that several ordinary N.H. races have now been substituted for Service races so that the card now includes only two Service events each day.

The first of these, the Past and Present Hunters Steeplechase, is not only open to horses belonging to officers now serving or who have served with the Navy, Army and Air Force, but also to those who are serving or who have served in their Reserve or Auxiliary Forces, including the W.R.A.F. Mr. Bob Day, who owned Hislet, the winner of this year's race, is a successful farmer in the Pytchley country and entered as a member of the Home Guard. The winner was ridden by Capt. G. Rich. Second was Red Steel, owned by Lt.-Col. Eddie Studd, late of the 14/20th Hussars, which was ridden by Mr. J. Straker, and Major E. W. O'F. Wilson was third on his own River Buoy.

OTHERS competing in this race, for which there were twenty starters, included Mr. Gay Kindersley riding Mr. E. H. Covell's Lobau Lad, Major Guy Cunard on his own Nigger Minstrel, and Capt. M. Gosling on Must, owned by Mr. W. L. Pilkington, joint-Master of the Bicester hounds, which ran very well and finished fourth. Also riding were Lt.-Col. W. R. Holman on Major H. P. Rushton's Monks Crest, Mr. H. Dawnay on his father Maj.-Gen. David Dawnay's Rockall, Capt. A. McEwan on Green Frog, owned by Lt.-Col. James Hanbury, who was in the Royal Scots Greys and now commands the Leicestershire Yeomanry, and is joint-Master of the Belvoir, Capt. R. Smollie on The Rag owned by Capt. R. H. Courage, R.N., and Mr. Arthur on Tiger Tim III, owned by another sailor,

Lt.-Cdr. R. H. Royds. The other Service event was the race for the Grand Military Gold Cup, which was won by Major Philip Fielden of "The Royals" on his own horse, Skate Along, which he rode exceptionally well, with Lt.-Col. Noel Wall's Crushed Ice, ridden by Capt. K. Brown, second, and Lt.-Col. J. I. Medlicott, 12th Lancers, on his own horse Triple Torch third. This was Major Fielden's second success in this race as he won the Gold Cup here two years ago on Atom Bomb and was second last year on Roughan.



LADY FOGARTY is the wife of Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, K.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C. She is chairman of the Air League Ball to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on June 28

The Queen, who honoured the meeting with her presence on the first day, presented the coveted trophy and congratulated Major Fielden shortly after the race. She looked charming in a blue cloth coat with a nutria collar and a small blue velvet hat, and, watching the racing from the Royal box with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, had the pleasure of seeing her mother's horse Devon Loch, beautifully ridden by Bryan Marshall, win the Beech Open Steeplechase.

Accompanied by the Marquess of Abergavenny and Lord Willoughby de Broke, Her Majesty, smiling happily, went down to the unsaddling enclosure to see Devon Loch come in, and congratulate the jockey and the trainer, Mr. Peter Cazalet, who had also won a race for the Queen Mother at Lingfield forty-eight hours earlier with M'as-Tu-Vu.

THE C.I.G.S., Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, was present with Lady Harding, being one of the stewards for the Services races with Maj.-Gen. John Combe and Major "Monkey" Blacker. Other Service personalities I saw at the meeting included Maj.-Gen. David Dawnay, who was Commandant of the R.M.A. Sandhurst from 1951 to the beginning of 1954—he had several runners—Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, a successful rider at this meeting in prewar days, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber with Lady Barber (they had just returned from Monte Carlo) and Rear-Admiral W. K. Edden and his wife.

I met Sir Kenneth Gibson, the very busy Clerk of the Course, coming down from the paddock. He had had a worrying time as the Sandown Racecourse Committee are having the concrete stand in the Members rebuilt and enlarged, but unfortunately it was not finished as expected for this meeting, so that there was a tremendous crush on the only small stand and conditions were rather uncomfortable.

NEXT day the big event was the race for the Imperial Cup, for which there were thirty-three starters. It was won by the favourite Mr. Stanley Wootton's Bon Mot II.

Among the big crowd watching the racing at this meeting were the Earl of Rosebery, who is one of the patrons, the Duchess of Norfolk in light blue, the Marchioness of Abergavenny well wrapped up in a mink coat over her black suit, Major and Mrs. Ronald Stanyforth talking to Capt. Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Brook, Lord and Lady Manton, Capt. Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Baring, wearing a cherry red hat with a fur coat, Sir Danvers and Lady Osborn, Lady Joan Gore-Langton talking to Mr. Euan McCorquodale and Miss Sally Clive, the Hon. Janet Hamilton escorted by her uncle the Hon. Sir John Coke, an Extra Gentleman Usher to Her Majesty, who was



Mr. Tom Parr was talking to Miss Verena Kimmins, daughter of Capt. Anthony Kimmins, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Kimmins



Mrs. Noel Clifton was having a conversation with Mrs. David Wilkinson at the reception which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel



Mr. Anthony Bedford Russell, of the Goldstream Guards, was there with Miss Jane Hughes. They are engaged to be married

Equerry to Queen Mary from 1938-53, Mrs. Graham Bailey, Lord Tryon and Col. and Mrs. Stephen Eve, pleased with the way his young horse Hotvale ran in the Grand Military, as it was his first race over fences in this country.

SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD, just back from Bermuda, was there, also Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Routledge, the latter just back from Spain, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Forester, the Earl of Cottenham whose wife had a runner the first day, Brig. and Mrs. "Frizz" Fowler, the latter in a brilliant red coat and little black hat, both over for a short visit from their home in Ireland, and Mrs. Denis Russell and her pretty daughter Sally, just returned from a wonderful trip to South Africa. Also racegoing were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Michael Gordon Watson—he rode his own horse Point of Law in the Gold Cup—Mrs. Philip Gribble having a warming drink with Col. and Mrs. Paley-Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. "Lobby" Villar and his débutante daughter April, Sir Percy and Lady Orde, Mr. and Mrs. John Morison-Scott, Miss Serena Sheffield walking up to the paddock with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury, the Earl of Portarlington and Mrs. Denis Daly.

I saw, too, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rylands, Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, the latter very chic in a blue velvet beret and black and white tweed coat, Brig. Tony Pepys and his sister Mrs. Wainman who is now making her home in Sussex, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson answering many inquiries about their elder son Major David Gibson, winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup three times, who had such a bad fall at Cheltenham the previous week. As I write he is making good progress. Capt. and Mrs. Charles Radclyffe were elated by Skate Along's victory in the Gold Cup, for Capt. Radclyffe had found him for his present owner, as he had his previous winner Atom Bomb, and Roughan.

★ ★ ★

D R. LEONARD SIMPSON welcomed guests at a morning reception in Simpsons Services Club to herald the opening of the yachting season. This was attended by

[Continued overleaf]



A WEDDING UNITED TWO MILITARY FAMILIES

AFTER their marriage at Holy Trinity, Brompton, the bride, formerly Miss Bridget Ebbels, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. W. A. Ebbels, of Hugo House, Sloane Street, and East Coker, Somerset, and bridegroom, Mr. J. P. R. Love, son of Major and Mrs. P. A. Love, of Tite Street, Chelsea, are seen cutting their wedding cake



The pages, Henry Nevill and Christopher Cole, were thoroughly enjoying themselves eating ice creams during the reception



The Hon. Mrs. Robin Barnard, a daughter of the fifth Lord Plunket, listening to the bride's father, Brig. W. A. Ebbels



Lady Nott-Bower was talking over the events of this very happy day with Mrs. Wilfred Austin Ebbels, mother of the bride

Clayton Evans



Left: Mr. Hugh Ross, Miss Amanda Hoare, Miss Idina Peacock, Miss June Fenwick and Mr. Douglas Wilson following their choices



Right: Miss D. Hunter taking a fence when she won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race on Mr. R. Lenton's Mutton

Continuing The Social Journal

Helmsmen spun yarns over cocktails

many keen yachting enthusiasts including the Portuguese Ambassador, Marquess Camden, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Hon. Max Aitken, Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club and owner of the fine schooner Lumberjack, Mr. Stewart Morris, Mr. Uffa Fox, designer of some of the most successful small yachts racing today, and Cdr. J. J. Quill. Mrs. Simpson was there to help her husband entertain their guests.

Mr. Stewart Morris, who is without question one of the finest dinghy helmsmen in the world and has sailed in the Olympics, made an enthusiastic speech discussing our prospects in the next Olympic Games at Melbourne, and remarked that there are now a far greater number of helmsmen sailing small boats in this country than at any period he could remember.

Mr. Uffa Fox, who has been responsible for the design of almost all the boats in which Mr. Stewart Morris has achieved fame, also for the design of Coweslip owned by Prince Philip, made an amusing speech. In it he said that while this party was held to herald the opening of the yachting season, he himself had opened the season on the previous Sunday. He was confident he was accurate in making this statement because he fell straight into "the drink," and everything about him was saturated including his snuff!

It is to be hoped that the weather will be kinder to helmsmen around the shores of Britain this summer than it was last, so that they may gain the experience necessary to compete successfully in the 1956 Olympics. Pictures on page 650.

★ ★ ★

MISS DOREEN ROY recently gave an impromptu cocktail party at her home in Caroline Terrace, off Eaton Square, in honour of the return of her niece, Miss Diana Pearson, and Miss Jennifer Harvey, who have just completed a fascinating world

tour. Among the friends who came to welcome them back to London were Mrs. Enid Cameron and her son Ian, Cdr. Ronald Scott-Miller, M.P., and Mrs. Scott-Miller, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn, Mr. and Mrs. John Straker, Miss Susan Senior and her fiancé Mr. David Coleridge, Sir Thomas Pilkington down for the weekend from Liverpool where he is now working, Miss Penelope Harrison, Mr. Arthur Levita, Col. "Babe" Moseley, Mr. Hugh Rosselli and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie.

DIANA and Jennifer, both very popular and attractive girls, had a marvellous journey, and were overwhelmed with hospitality and kindness wherever they stopped. When they stayed in Athens, Brig. Abel Smith looked after them, in Kenya they stayed with friends including Gen. Sir George Erskine, the C.-in-C. East Africa Command, and then went on through Africa staying with various other friends. They spent two months in India and went on to Pakistan, where they were entertained by Brig. Archer-Shee, and from there travelled to Singapore where Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Loewen and Lady Loewen were their kind hosts.

During their month in Hongkong Brig. Hugh Bellamy saw that they had an interesting and amusing visit. In Thailand they stayed

at Bangkok with Mr. Berkeley Gage the British Ambassador, and with Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Gairdner at Government House, Perth, Western Australia. Sir Willoughby and Lady Norrie, who were away at the time, made all arrangements for them to enjoy their visit in New Zealand. Travelling on via Hawaii and San Francisco, they spent Christmas with American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Van King, in St. Louis. Their two months in the United States were spent partly with Mr. Dudley Forte, who was over hunting in England in the autumn, and took them out to have a day's hunting in his own country. After a visit to Washington they ended up with a very gay visit to New York and sailed back home in the Queen Mary.

A truly memorable and enterprising trip, which took just over a year and should be an incentive for many more young people to travel when their friends hear what tremendous fun they had.

★ ★ ★

HELEN DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND recently gave a delightful At Home with music at Albury Park, to inaugurate the Surrey branch of the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association, which will have Lady Heald, who lives at Chilworth Manor, Guildford, as president. Helen Duchess of Northumberland is patron of the branch, and made a short introductory speech. Lady Harwood, widow of Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, who speaks all over the country on behalf of the D.G.A.A., then gave a very vivid description of the work of the Association, and finally Lady Heald spoke of the new branch in Surrey.

One of the first aims of this branch is to raise £6,000 to build a new wing on to Merlewood at Virginia Water, which was opened in 1948 and now accommodates twenty-five aged persons of both sexes who suffer from chronic illnesses and need skilled care. Another target set by the Surrey Branch is to raise £5,000 this year to carry on and enlarge the existing work of the Association in the county.

The artists who later gave the concert were Miss Amaryllis Fleming, Miss Jean Norris and Miss Peggy Gray. Guests at this reception, who numbered about one hundred, included



MRS. JOHN PROFUMO (Valerie Hobson, the actress) discusses the picture of field cookery in progress with her husband, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, and Mrs. A. M. Vestrey of W.V.S. headquarters, at a Civil Defence Emergency Feeding Exhibition in London



Left: Miss Sally Gates who rode Ackland Star and came third in the Ladies' Race, with Mr. Noel Peggs, who rode in the last race



Right: Mrs. R. M. Dixon-Spain, Mrs. S. Johnson and Mrs. A. Raby were, like most of the spectators, well wrapped up against the cold wind blowing that day

the Dowager Countess Lloyd-George, Sir John and Lady Wenham, Col. and Mrs. Newcomb, Mrs. Spender Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Farquharson, Sir David and Lady Lambert and Mrs. Van der Byl.

★ ★ ★

ALL who play or have watched the fine game of real tennis will be interested to hear that a dance is being arranged to take place on May 6 at Moreton House, Moreton Morrell (by kind permission of Major and Mrs. James Dance), the proceeds of which will be devoted entirely to the maintenance of the Moreton Morrell Real Tennis Court.

The origin of this game is lost in antiquity. It was known in the time of Henry V, and later Henry VIII played it at Hampton Court Palace. The number of real tennis courts in Britain, as in other countries (there are some in use in France, the U.S.A. and Australia), has dwindled in the past few years owing to the cost of upkeep, so it is good to hear a real effort is being made to maintain the splendid one at Moreton Morrell. This was completed about 1907 when the present professional, Ted Johnson, played an exhibition match against the world champion, the late Peter Lathom.

TED JOHNSON's son Albert, for some years professional at the Rackets and Tennis Club in New York, is at the time of writing leading James Dear in the first of a series of matches played in New York for the world championship, and shortly will be playing the second and final series in this country. Should it later be found practical to arrange an exhibition match between James Dear and Albert Johnson at Moreton Morrell, every effort will be made to afford an opportunity for guests at this dance to apply for a seat.

Tickets, which include a buffet supper, are thirty-five shillings each, and are obtainable from Mrs. Brittain-Jones, Moreton House, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire, who would also be delighted to accept any donation towards the court's upkeep from sportsmen and women who cannot be present, but who hope to see this ancient game kept going in Britain.

★ ★ ★

ON June 8 the British Osteopathic Association are holding their annual ball at Claridge's, for which H.H. Princess Marie Louise has graciously agreed to be President. Tickets for the ball from Major Frank Lockwood, British Osteopathic Association, Andrew Still House, Dorset Square, N.W.1.



SUNNY POINT-TO-POINT IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE

THE Fitzwilliam Hunt point-to-point was favoured with good weather when it took place at Water Newton, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were among the large number of spectators. (Above) Mr. R. Perkins, owner of Rufus, with the rider, Miss Diana Perkins, and Mr. W. H. Tebbs, a steward



Above: the Hon. John Siddeley at his drawing board. Below: Mrs. Peter Shand-Kydd's study at White Lodge, Barnet



THE NEW GOLDEN AGE OF DECORATION

THE Hon. John Siddeley, son and heir of Lord Kenilworth, has a rapidly growing reputation as an interior decorator, and here describes some of the triumphs and opportunities, as well as difficulties, which accompany the practise of this fascinating profession today. After coming down from Cambridge with a degree in English he was first with the Liverpool Rep. Then followed a film interlude and stockbroking. Six years ago he entered an interior decorating firm, and opened his own showrooms in March, 1953

ONE of the favourite remarks made to me by people whom I meet for the first time at a party is: "I simply cannot understand people who have to employ an interior decorator, they must be completely devoid of personality." The conversation then ends as abruptly as it began by my being told that *they* do everything themselves—a sort of last cry by Brunnhilda before she topples on to the funeral pyre—a glorious, defiant pride which, as the poor, last-mentioned lady came to discover, bodes absolutely no good at all.

Fortunately for those who earn their living, there are few who really do everything themselves. They merely seem far more because they talk louder and longer than anyone else.

Let me begin then by trying to answer this question as to why people—and more often than not extremely intelligent, very normal people—do come to decorators and designers such as myself for advice, help and sometimes rather personal problems. (I add this as a small yet sincere afterthought because I do find that, as I get to know the client better and we become more confident in each other, I do begin to worry about a little daughter's cold or a young son's chicken-pox.)

I THINK that some people are genuinely afraid of going to a decorator because they feel that their personalities will be stamped out and that of the decorator will be forced upon them. This should never be the case. The job of a decorator is to bring out the personality of a client and never that of himself.

I find that most clients have some sort of idea what they are after and it is up to me to mould it and encourage it and present, as my finished product, not something that comes out of a vast Cinerama epic, but a room or a house that looks and is lived in, and at the same time appears as though it has been thought out and assembled as a complete unit and not a hotch-potch of ideas.

There should always be a reason for everything and not just a striving after effect. I always try to bear in mind that long after I have left and the last door-knob has been fixed, life is going to go on in the house I have completed. People are going to be moving about in those rooms all day and every day for years to come, and they are not going to stand about all the time looking like fashion plates.

Another reason for possible fear is the cost. I think that this is a perfectly understandable one. It does cost more to employ a decorator than a large store, but that surely is to be expected? A model by Balmain will cost many times more than a copy displayed with pride in a shop window and nobody questions the reason. So it is with an interior decorator.

The best way to go about explaining the intricacies of the business is, I think, to describe the amount of work which goes into the making of the dress curtains and bedspreads shown in the photograph of Mrs. Rex Cohen's bedroom in the country. As the opening between two cupboards looked rather severe we softened it with a pelmet and the dress curtains. The former consist of a straight pelmet in plain coral chintz, trimmed with an edging of the figured chintz in knife pleats, under a shaped pelmet of "Colette"—which consists of bunches of anemones with pink and yellow roses on a white ground. To divide the two I put a scarf drapery in green; the two plain colours picking out the colours of the flowers and leaves.

IN order to make the curtains slightly different from those at the windows which were all in "Colette" I made them in plain coral with streamers of the flowers hanging loose. The bedspreads were very much a labour of love because the anemones and roses were cut out of the chintz and then appliquéd on to coral in the shape of a cornucopia. To make all this took a great deal of time and the cutting of it great care, not to mention the thought that was needed to work it out. The only machining allowed is joining the seams and so virtually everything seen in the photograph was stitched by hand which, of course, must be done by experts. Hardly a job for the amateur or for my Brunnhilda—who would probably hate it anyway and lives her life in fabrics she has woven herself.

A POPULAR idea is that to work as an interior decorator means a life of ease; a gay whirl of cocktail parties, lingering luncheons and intimate dinners, and for the odd moments when an hour's work could be squeezed in one rushes from one length of priceless silk to another, hovering delicately between the two whilst the client breathlessly—and covered from Louis heel to Paulette hat in an equally breathless mink—waits for the awe-full decision.

I am glad this isn't so because then life would be very dull. What it does entail, however, is the eternal search for something original. Originality is the essence which makes or kills our dreams; the beginning and end of success. In order to have this precious asset one must never relax, and in order to achieve it, one finds, sooner or later, that work never ends. One of the most difficult things is to find new effects in colour combination but even there one is helped by Nature who sets the greatest example. I remember well last autumn coming back from the south of France and driving through long avenues of beeches, flamboyant as though defying the winter which was to deprive them of their leaves. Dazzling stabs of flame amongst the sun-drenched yellow with pale, almost frightened



Left: the bedroom in Mrs. Rex Cohen's house, described in the text. Below: the lounge of the same house, which is at Ockley, Surrey

green. A sort of colour which made the vivid bravery of the rest seem less showy. It was, I think, the most wonderful colour combination I have ever seen.

In Mrs. Peter Shand-Kydd's sitting-room we worked out a scheme together which, with modern design and colouring, would fit into her classical eighteenth-century house. The curtains are big emerald green chestnut leaves on a dark green ground with the flowers in white with shocking pink stalks. Grey walls and a Siamese Pink carpet carried through into the study which, with green striped flock paper has white Everglaze chintz curtains trimmed with dark green cotton fringe. A refreshing change from the damask and drapes of immediately after the war.

A great deal is said and written about trends in the dress business, and with decoration I think that the same definite changes occur, less often, much slower, and with much more infiltration before they are accepted. This is natural when there are no leaders, no Diors of decoration, and much more reasonable because clients cannot discard curtains as they discard a frock that is out-moded.

THE fashion in decoration for a long time was for gilt and damask and deep-buttoned satin—all in pastel shades—there was a tendency for a tone of green which can only be described as thick pea soup; this went rather well with rust. Slowly this is changing and colour is coming inside the home. In France there is a great love for white because the sun brings the colour which would otherwise be lacking. In this country, our spring, when we have one, is unparalleled, but for a great deal of the year we are in gloom, which is all the more reason why we should have the colour in our homes.

Fortunately, more and more people are feeling the same way—not necessarily those who want functional furniture (was ever a thing more depressingly named?)—and they

are finding that the brighter colours go just as well with the old, wonderful pieces of furniture which have been part of the family for so long.

COLOUR has always played a great part in decoration. It merely gets forgotten, that's all. In the eighteenth century it shone like great beacons which were only put out by the Victorian brown and beige. The fabulous Adam brothers chose brilliant pinks and blues with terracotta and green and their work was subcontracted to Chippendale, Angelica Kauffmann, Mathew Boulton, Josiah Wedgwood—the list goes on and on. Drawings of their work were collected by Sir John Soane and can still be seen at his museum at 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

I have been fortunate in being permitted to help redecorate an Adam house in London and I am, at present, working on another in the country, but I would no more dream of imposing my ideas on such houses than I would of trying to explain the success of ice shows. I am content to copy what was there before and if additions must be made, then to go back to the original designs, choose what is best and reproduce it.

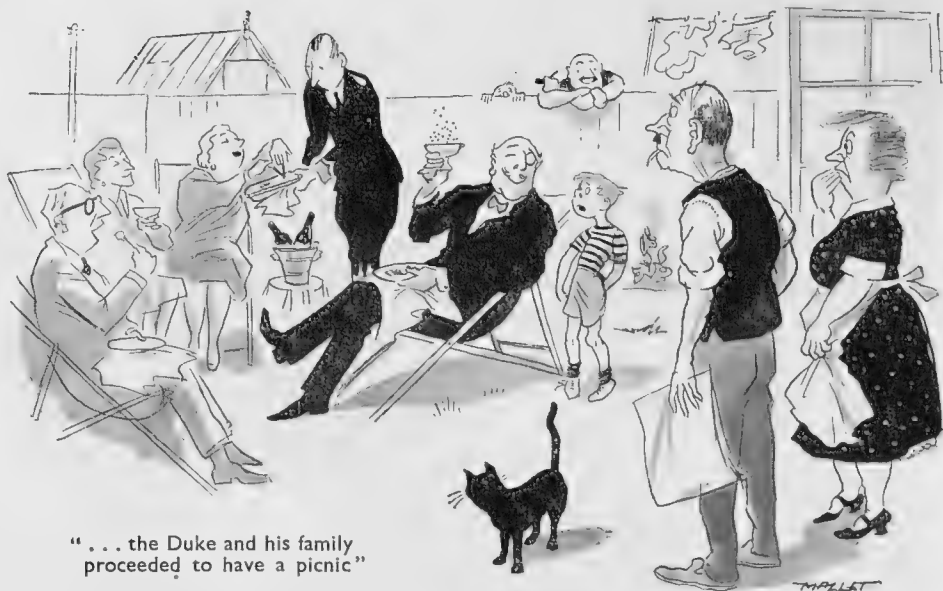
FOR long I have advocated an annual interior decorators' exhibition which could be incorporated with the latest textiles, but so far I have had no success. I continue to go on hoping that one day it will happen and then people will really have a chance to compare design and cost. They will be able to see also that the world of decoration is not all Jacobean printed linen and reproduction oak suites.

Even if it would not mean a complete change-about it might teach the manufacturers to throw away some of the disgracefully old designs, and the customers that if they shout long enough for fresh ideas and refuse to be fobbed off with some of the macabre things one still sees in the shops, they will eventually get what they want.



Roundabout

Paul Holt



"... the Duke and his family proceeded to have a picnic"

TO celebrate her seventieth birthday Miss Elsa Maxwell has written a book of reminiscences, *I Married The World*.* From the way she writes, it looks to me as though it was a shotgun wedding from the start. She has an extraordinary ability to mix contempt with compassion in every comment she makes about all her famous "victims," who range the wide world of the international set and café society for four decades of this century.

George Bernard Shaw called this hostess with the mostest of them all "the eighth wonder of the world" and for this complimentary remark she has left that wonderful man more or less alone, content merely to call him "a stingy man and a Socialist" and happy to quote his brightest remark (he insisted to her that Shakespeare's *Othello* is a comedy—"death that hangs on a woman's handkerchief is a comedy," he explained).

BUT while it is certain that Miss Maxwell was so nice to Shaw because she was a bit frightened of him, there are not many people she has been frightened of and she slaps the famous hard.

Consider this account of a conversation with the Duchess of Windsor:

"Since she was in a confidential mood, I asked her a question . . . she had just been voted the best-dressed woman in the world for the sixth or seventh consecutive year.

"Why should you, who married a King, devote so much time and attention to clothes?" I asked. "It seems such a frivolous pursuit for a woman with so many other responsibilities."

"My husband gave up everything for me," the Duchess answered. "I'm not a beautiful woman. I'm nothing to look at, so the only thing I can do is to try and dress better than anyone else. If everyone looks at me

when I enter a room, my husband can feel proud of me. That's my chief responsibility."

Miss Maxwell found this confession "touching," but I dare say there is not a single woman worth the name of wife who, if asked, would not reply in identical words. The Duchess was doing her job.

She is also concerned to report that the Duke drinks tea.

This remarkable woman, unpleasant in character though she appears to be, is much happier in tone when mixing with the gay boys and girls of the theatrical nomad set. Her Noël Coward, Cole Porter, Bea Lillie are warm and chirrupy creatures.

It is only when she moves in on Miss Barbara Hutton (I wouldn't care to quote what she says about her) and the running pack of the rich, sun-worshipping

international set that she becomes positively unpleasant.

"I am not a snob," she says. It is begging the question.

★ ★ ★

THE young actress of the theatre is being scolded today for going around looking unwashed, untidy, wearing sloppy-joe clothes, uncombed and generally scruffy.

Say her critics, she should grace the theatre equally off as well as on the stage.

These critics, it seems to me, have a recollection of the time when actresses might become duchesses any day. They remember the years when it was a rule at the old Gaiety Theatre that "actresses earning less than £8 a week are requested not to arrive at the stage door in a brougham."

Nowadays, of course, actresses cycle to and from their work and the girls more likely to become duchesses are fashion models, who never appear in public in jeans and duffel coats and are always being photographed at London Airport on their way to Paris on business.

It is a law of nature.

Being, myself, a simple hedonist I do confess I don't like the look of untidy women. And yet I know so well how happy they can be when untidy. A great friend of mine said to me the other day:

"All my life I've had to live by charm. Now I work with my hands. It's hard work. But it isn't as hard as charm used to be.

"To hell with charm!"

★ ★ ★

IKNEW Sir Alexander Fleming quite well. He seemed to go through the latter part of his life resentful of his fame. He gave you the impression that he felt guilty.

How can a man who leaves a culture uncovered on the windowsill, then notices that something



"Nowadays actresses cycle to and from their work"

* Heinemann, 18s.

SATURATION

*Can none devise a deadlier din
To penetrate that saurian skin
On which all programmes pound and roar,
Wild waves on some repelling shore?*

*Unmoved, untouched, yet firmly bound
In fetters of unceasing sound,
One second's silence seems to be
A segment of eternity. . .*

*Oh, what a hideous void extends
Before him when transmission ends!*

—JEAN STANGER

unusual has happened, be expected to be loaded with honours and called a major saviour of mankind?

That was always the impression he gave.

His laboratory at St. Mary's, Paddington, which he shared for a time with the late Sir Almroth Wright, was a splendid muddle.

When I called there were cultures on the lab. table (and, of course, the famous one for visitors to see), but on Sir Alexander's own table a pile of American newspapers, full of reports of this great man's visit to a New York night club.

"Now, why did they want to do that?" he asked. "Were they making a fool of me?"

HE looked so stern it was like being scolded by the stinks master for that well-known trick with the bunsen burner.

But I thought he was not angry with their impudence, but angry with his fame. To have given the clue to penicillin he recognized to be good. But it was an accident; a trick of fortune. Other men who came later made it possible for mankind to use it.

Sir Alexander died far more interested in the secret that lies in the human tear. There is something in that pear-drop, so long the property of the actor and the writer, that may, he thought, start a clue to the mystery of the virus and the grim diseases it invites.

If that is found to be true Sir Alexander's place in St. Paul's Cathedral will have been doubly earned.

★ ★ ★

THE Duke of Bedford opens his home, Woburn Abbey, to the public on Good Friday. For the half-crown he offers as well 2,000 deer, rare birds, boating on the lake, six ponies, a bison-drawn cart and a pleasure garden with swings and roundabouts.

I hope he will be more fortunate than another Duke, who found a family party settled on his private lawn. Having paid their half-crowns they refused to go.

So the following Sunday the Duke and his family arrived at their suburban home, where he proceeded to have a picnic.

Having paid half-crowns for the members of his family he, too, refused to go.



LT.-CDR. MICHAEL PARKER, M.V.O., R.N. (retd.), who has for six years been Private Secretary to Prince Philip, is depicted as following one of his chief recreations, cricket—though he is also interested in many other sports, including sailing, hockey and rugby. Possessing in full measure the quiet efficiency which is so integral a part of Naval tradition, he is known to his friends as a personality who, in the pleasantest way, gets things done with remarkable despatch and absence of fuss. He was born in Australia, son of a captain in the Royal Australian Navy, and educated at Xavier College, Melbourne, afterwards serving for nine years in the Royal Navy, from which he was invalided in 1947. From 1948 to the accession of Princess Elizabeth he was Equerry-in-Waiting to her and Prince Philip. Lt.-Cdr. Parker is married and has a son and daughter

SAILING SEASON WAS GREETED

DR. LEONARD SIMPSON was host at a morning reception at Simpson's Services Club to celebrate the opening of the yachting season. Many distinguished international yachtsmen were present and discussed prospects for the coming summer



Left: The host, Dr. S. L. Simpson, the Hon. Max Aitken, Mrs. Simpson and Senhor Pedro Theotónio Pereira, the Portuguese Ambassador, who is a very keen yachtsman

Right: Mr. Uffa Fox, one of the greatest designers of small boats racing today, including the Flying Fifteen sailed by the Duke of Edinburgh, made one of the three speeches



DINING IN

Yorkshire Wonder

—Helen Burke

OUR Yorkshire pudding batter is one of the most versatile basic preparations we have. Not only can it be used for savoury and sweet baked puddings, but also for pancakes of all kinds. These latter can be filled with so many kinds of stuffing as to become almost mystery dishes and, from plain pancakes served with lemon and sugar, the same batter can rise to the heights of *Crêpes Suzette*.

Batters, almost identical in ingredients to the Yorkshire version, are used in every country in the world.

A hungry boy inspired my use of batter for a pudding recently and the whole family was enchanted with it. The recipe for the batter is simplicity itself: Put 4 oz. plain flour and a pinch of salt into a bowl. Make a hollow in the centre and drop in a whole egg. Gradually beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or three parts milk and one of water. (The water seems to make a lighter batter.) Let it rest for two hours to allow the starch to expand. This resting means that the preparations can be made well in advance.

THIS is my hungry boy guest's "special": Place 2 oz. butter or margarine in a large enough shallow oven-dish or your usual Yorkshire pudding tin. Heat it in a hot oven (gas 7 or 450 deg. F.). Remove and, as quickly as possible, pour the batter into it. As quickly as possible, return it to the oven and bake for 30 minutes.

Have ready hot stewed fruit. Apricots in syrup are particularly good; hot fruit salad almost better. Pour it into the baked pudding and pass cream with it, if you like.

From France come *Clafoutis Perigourdine*. Cover the bottom of an earthenware dish with stoned black cherries. Dot them with a walnut of butter. Pour in a batter made as above but with two eggs and bake in a hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve in the same dish, first sprinkling the pudding with sugar and a little kirsch or orange-flower water.

FROM Hungary come very pleasant sourcream pancakes. Make very thin pancakes with the batter, adding, if anything, a little more top milk. To a carton of cream-cheese, add a little cream, sugar to taste, a little lemon juice and a handful or so of sultanas. Spread this on the

pancakes and roll up. Place side by side in a buttered entrée dish and heat through in the oven. This is an ideal sweet when the meal is a light one, but should not be served at a hearty meal.

Pancakes stuffed with bananas and "flambéd" with rum are attractive and pleasant to eat. Make pancakes with the batter. The amount given, with a little more milk, perhaps, will make eight to nine. Mash two ripe bananas with a good squeeze of lemon juice and sugar to taste, then spread this on the pancakes and roll up. Place side by side in an oven-dish.

Rub several lumps of sugar on the skin of the lemon, add more juice to them and a nice walnut or two of butter. Bring to the boil, then spoon carefully over the pancakes, after which cover loosely with butter paper and heat gently in the oven. Pour a good "double" of rum over the top and take to table. The rum will then have heated through enough for you to set it alight.

NOW *Crêpes Suzette*. Make thin pancakes as above. Rub several lumps of sugar into the skin of two ripe oranges to extract the zest. Melt them and a generous ounce or so of butter in the juice from the oranges in a very large frying-pan. Heat a pancake through in this, fold in four and slip to the side of the pan. Repeat until all the batter is used. Pour a generous measure of brandy over the pancakes and, when you get them to table, set them alight. A lovely dish!



DINING OUT

Cher Maître

IN these days when it seems fashionable to denigrate everything and everybody, it is a pleasure and a relief to come across the name of a man, who, as far as one's own observations are concerned, nobody has tried to debunk—in particular the people of his own

art and profession, namely the maître chefs of the world's capitals.

The name to which I refer is that of Georges Auguste Escoffier. A maître d'hôtel, a chef, a sommelier or a waiter has only to mention that he served under Escoffier, worked with Escoffier, or even was a kitchen boy where Escoffier was the chef, to elevate himself "out of the *potage*" and become a person of some account.

If great chefs are born, Escoffier was certainly born a chef. This event took place in October 1846 in the house of his father, the local blacksmith in the typical Provençal village of Villeneuve-Loubet.

FOR his story you must turn to the recently published biography, *Georges Auguste Escoffier* (Practical Press, 21s.), written by his literary executors and disciples, Eugène Herboudeau and Paul Thalamas. Eugène Herboudeau began with Escoffier as commis fish cook at the Carlton in London in 1913, and had the honour to return there in 1928 as chef de cuisine. Paul Thalamas was engaged by Escoffier at the Savoy Hotel, London, and subsequently worked for César Ritz, who placed him in some of the most luxurious hotels in Europe.

In 1883 César Ritz engaged Escoffier for the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo and so began what must be one of the most fortunate partnerships on record. Barnum would have announced them as "The Greatest Hotelier and the Greatest Chef on Earth."

Out of this partnership sprang the most luxurious hotels in Europe: the Ritz Hotels in Paris, London, New York, Montreal, Budapest, Madrid; the Savoy and the Carlton in London. "Ritz-Carlton" signified the ultimate in luxury, comfort and cuisine.

ESCOFFIER was responsible for the menu as it is today. Before his time a vast number of dishes were served at every meal and a great deal of time and energy was spent in their presentation, generally to the detriment of the food which was seldom served at the right temperature. In those days a dinner party for twenty people would include no less than twelve entrées, two or three soups, two fish courses, four roasts and so on. Escoffier simplified it to providing one of each, but each was a masterpiece and served at the right moment.

He was an apostle of perfection and in our premier School of Professional Cooking at the L.C.C. Westminster Technical College there is a bronze bas relief of him in what they call the Escoffier Room, the inscription reading: "For many years chef des cuisines at the Savoy and Carlton Hotels, London. An acknowledged master and teacher of the art of cookery. The originator of modern restauration."

—I. Bickerstaff

IRISHMEN held their annual St. Patrick's Night Ball and Dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel. Lord Killanin presided and the Deputy Prime Minister of Ireland was one of the guests of honour. Top left: Miss Shirley Jones and Dr. James Loughran who had come up from Kent. Top right: Miss N. Dalton was at the ball with her brother Mr. Richard Dalton. Their father is Gen. Emmet Dalton. Bottom left: Miss Lelia Fitzsimons, a member of the Irish Club which organised the ball, and Mr. K. Mackenzie. Bottom right: Mrs. William Norton, wife of the Deputy Prime Minister of Ireland, and Sir Owen O'Malley



IRISHMEN IN LONDON TOASTED ST. PATRICK'S MEMORY



Mrs. T. Reddin and Mr. John Quinn watch Miss Joan Quinn fasten a piece of shamrock to Mr. T. Reddin's coat on their arrival at the ball



Mr. J. F. H. Gregory, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, Miss Ursula Thomas, Mr. Lionel Rogers and Miss Theodora Ward talking outside the ballroom

Desmond O'Neill

THE CORVIGLIANS SKI-ED FOR A CUP

MEMBERS of the Corviglia Ski Club turned out in force to take part in the race for the Cartier Cup, run in brilliant sunshine on the Opel track at St. Moritz and won by Signor Marco Alliato from Milan



Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, from New York, was handing a prize to Mme. Marc Droulers



Mr. James Douglas, Jr., Mr. Harold Bird, from Great Britain, and Signor Marco Alliato, from Milan, the winner



Mlle. Simone Chapron, from Paris, Mr. Harry Cushing and Principessa Nanita Ruspoli



Mr. John Braganza and Conte Theo Rossi di Montelera were waiting for the starter, Vicomte Charles Benoist d'Azy, to set them off upon their journey

R. H. Schloss

Priscilla

in Paris



A grippe in time

WHILE a snuffly cold is just a plain nuisance, when one has sufficient temperature to call it "flu" or "grippe"—according to whether one is feeling British or Parisian-by-adoption—then the malady is a gift from the gods.

At this time of the year any malaise is acceptable that gives one an excuse to go lazy. Too many dress-shows, too many new plays, too many book-parties from which one brings home spoils that one has no time to read, too many picture shows and too, too many Horror Films!

BEING weary, I did not realise what the first devastating sneeze portended, but when little icy trickles went down my spine, my ears began to drum after only one cocktail, and I found myself flushing in the middle of one of André Rivollet's most amusingly indiscreet stories, I realised I was for it!

Two days of slight discomfort and then a glorious week of laziness. News of the town brought to my bedside, which is so much pleasanter than fetching it home oneself; baskets of those fine-skinned oranges that are so luscious to taste, and so luminous to see; bunches of those opulent grapes that are really Dead Sea fruit, but make one feel rather grand when one offers them to visitors; chocolates from Mary's and, best of all, caviare from Prunier's (which is next best to dining there oneself), parcels of books and, above all, time to read them.

I PARTICULARLY enjoyed a slim volume by Christine Arnothy, a young Hungarian. It is written in French and bears the rather ample title: *J'ai Quinze Ans et Je ne Veux pas Mourir*. The author is now twenty-five years old, but her book was written when she was fifteen and lived, for three months, with her parents and co-inhabitants in the cellars of an apartment house at Budapest when the town was besieged by the Russians.

I have never read a war story so simply written and, therefore, so moving. The only touch of melodrama resides in the title and yet every day is tragic. An amusing touch is when she writes, with revengful glee—for she evidently was not "musical"—"Our



F. J. Goodman

A PRINCESS IN HER DRAWING ROOM

THE PRINCESS ARMAND D'ARENBERG, here in her apartment in the Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris, is a daughter of the late Marquis de Lambertye and of the Spanish-born Marquise, of the Chateau de Menetou. The Princess and her husband, whose family traces its descent back to the twelfth century, have two children, Carlos, aged six, and Mirabelle, aged eight

flat was hit last night! A bomb went right through the piano and didn't explode. But the piano is done for all the same!"

ONE event I was sorry to miss was the send-off of the barge carrying a strange company of celebrities over the waterways of France, Holland, Germany and Belgium. The trip is to last several months. It is as well that the celebrities are made of wax and belong to the Musée Grévin, our local Madame Tussauds. Zappy Max, l'abbé Pierre, and others, were brought aboard in detached pieces, but Sir Winston Churchill and M. Mendès-France were conducted across the gangway with all due ceremonial, upright on their own feet . . . though they may not have been using them!

There seems to have been a difference of opinion about Jean Cocteau's effigy. Whether to dress his hair in his usual manner—a careless fuzz—or to smooth it

neatly as the Master wore it for his election to the Académie Française!

Fortunately I was able to be present at M. André Maurois' début, as a dramatist, with *Aux Innocents les Mains Pleines*, a one-act play, at the Comédie Française. M. Maurois is insatiable! To have enjoyed a brilliant career as essayist, biographer, and novelist, and to have attained the Académie Française would suffice most writers. Since his first novel, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, written after World War One, M. Maurois has known nothing but success. With his first play he is enjoying the same success and we are glad.

WE are sad also since, for obvious reasons, we cannot hope to look forward to as many successful plays as there have been successful novels, essays and biographies. The critics are comparing him to de Musset and Marivaux, but I am inclined to plump for Dumas fils.

M. Maurois' three entertaining puppets—the Innocent Young Wife, the not-so-young Minx, and the almost-erring Husband—are of those charming, futile creatures who converse in italics, whose bible is the gossip column and who belong to the great brigade of the Also-Presents!

It is the Innocent Wife who wins!

LATEST amenity for travellers is the automatic, so-much-in-the-slot machine to dispense drinks in the Metro. On station platforms this indeed will be a case of having "a quick one for the road" or, perhaps: "the rail"?

En haut . . .

So cosy this method of warming public places with overhead heaters . . . but when one's feet are cold it is difficult to walk on one's hands!

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE

SHEILA SHAND-GIBBS has her first West End stage role in the highly successful *Sailor Beware*, by Philip King and Falkland Cary, at the Strand Theatre. She was noticed by Jack Waller, who presents the play, when she was making one of her many appearances in television roles. She has also acted in films. Sheila Shand-Gibbs won the Grace and Charm award at R.A.D.A. and has considerable experience in repertory



Things to come at Edinburgh

ACCORDING to Ian Hunter, Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival, the new Thornton Wilder play which will have its world première in Scotland on August 22nd is concerned with "the incommensurability of the Human and the Divine." This splendid copyright phrase is as far as Authority will go in describing *A Life in the Sun*. Irene Worth, however, is to be the leading lady and Tyrone Guthrie will produce: both guarantees of importance in themselves.

Unlike *The Matchmaker*, this is an original work, a satiric tragedy of Gods and Mortals on the grand scale, especially written for the occasion, the author having succumbed last August either to the persuasive influence of the Festival Director or perhaps to the magic of the wine of the country.

This production will be seen upon the apron stage of the Assembly Hall (as was *Macbeth* last year), but since the sponsors are H. M. Tennent it is reasonably certain to be reproduced later in London.

An equally important occasion, which the theatre-minded will have to cross the border if they are to savour, is

the appearance of Edwige Feuillère in the ageing melodrama *La Dame aux Camélias*.

IT has often been the fate of the great people of the theatre to appear at a time when there was a paucity of good contemporary roles. Miss Tutin, for example, has been ill-served by authors, yet Meggie Albanesi arrived when Galsworthy was at his peak. Mlle. Feuillère is best known here through the film, which the dynamo of her entity fills with such elegance that scriptwriters, cameramen and producers fade into midgets. Only Chaplin and Miss Edith Evans possess this transcendent gift to-day.

La Feuillère is bringing her own company. She was last seen over here in *Partage du Midi*, one of the late Paul Claudel's rambling

pieces of obfuscation, but even in this cloying surround her brilliance flashed like a diamond in a London particular.

Her presence in Edinburgh alone would compensate handsomely for the unheated and freezing dining car in which British Railways accommodated the Press on a recent trip northwards, but doubtless the heat will be on by August.

The Old Vic are less enterprising. Their contribution will be yet another *Othello*, with a cast as yet unnamed.

But on the operatic side the Glyndebourne company are offering a new production of Verdi's *Falstaff*, with a décor by Osbert Lancaster, designer of *Pineapple Poll*. This has the promise of rare and immaculate distinction, for this team is composed solely of perfectionists.



Irene Worth and Ian Hunter are star and inspirer respectively of *A Life in the Sun*, by U.S. playwright Thornton Wilder which has been commissioned for this year's Edinburgh Festival

THE Danish Ballet, who were at Covent Garden last year in a graceful exhibition of Nordic rectitude, are blossoming in Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*, with Frederick Ashton's choreography. This, too, is a newcomer to the country, as opposed to *La Sylphide*, which I have always imagined Caledonian audiences might find as difficult to absorb as, say, a performance by La Scala, Milan, of *The Mikado* in Tokio.

Still, this is an International Festival, so it is only proper that the menu at the banquet should be handsome enough for even the most erratic gourmets.

—Youngman Carter



Karsh, Ottawa

A GREAT LADY OF THE STAGE

Dame Edith Evans is to take the lead in a new comedy from the French

DAME EDITH EVANS, who as the Countess in the recent production of Christopher Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough*, gave one of the most exquisite performances of her distinguished career, is to begin rehearsals at the end of April in the title role of *Nina*, an adaptation by Arthur Macrae of a French comedy by Andre Roussin. Rex Harrison will direct, while other principal roles will be taken by James Hayter and Charles Goldner. With a leading actress, an adapter, director, and supporting players so accomplished in the art of comedy, *Nina* will be eagerly awaited

NEW ROMANTIC FILM TEAM

VERNON GRAY, the young Canadian actor, has been chosen to play opposite Janette Scott in her first romantic screen part. The film is *Now and Forever*, from an original story by R. F. Delderfield and Michael Pertwee, and is produced and directed in Technicolor by Mario Zampi, who made such successful British comedies as *Laughter in Paradise* and *Happy Ever After*.



Bob Penn

The gramophone

GUITRY FRAGMENT

IT is practically three weeks since that exceptional actor, author and gentleman of France, M. Sacha Guitry, held up the traffic of Paris in and around the Place de L'Opéra for hours; the occasion was the much more than royal première of his latest film *Napoleon*.

No doubt we shall eventually be treated to excerpts from this spectacle on records. Sound track material of far less significance and interest has been perpetuated in wax.

For the moment, however, the countless admirers of M. Guitry's histrionics will have to be contented with four twelve-inch Long Play sides of the entertainment he presented in London at the Winter Garden Theatre nearly two years ago. This was, of course, *Écoutez Bien Messieurs*, which did not quite repeat here its initial Parisian success.

Television

END OF TERM

PROSPECTIVE programmes begin to suggest a prolonged end-of-term ceremony prior to breaking-up. This week we bid farewell to Aidan Crawley, congratulating him on his admirable "Viewfinder" series and wishing him luck in the new world to which he goes.

To-night's "Viewfinder" is his last, leaving the field clear for Christopher Mayhew's international commentaries. Mr. Crawley always charged his comments with personality, whereas Mr. Mayhew's scrupulous determination to abstract himself made him begin his "Peaceful Co-Existence?" as spokesman first of the Soviet, then the Western, view. Whether Mr. Crawley's manner will be equally persuasive behind the screen, in charge of commercial TV news, we must wait to see.

Stephen McCormack's departure in June to the same place has already been lamented here.

As at the Winter Garden, his beautiful wife Lana Marconi, and Jeanne Fusier-Gir appear with him on record, but now in place of Heather Thatcher we have Renée Steve Passeur.

This gay little fragment, full of wit and philosophy, with, as one might expect, a sly Guitry psychological twist at the end, is admirably recorded. Even though these L.P.'s are spoken in a language with which you may not be entirely familiar, I commend that you hear them, because by so doing you will have the refreshing experience of listening to voices that are both polished and full of human understanding.

Though *Écoutez Bien*... is no epic like the film *Napoleon*, it has been set down with such assurance and fluidity by M. Guitry and his tiny company that it is impossible not to be entirely appreciative of the result. (London International T.W. 91060-61.)

—Robert Tretinnick



But we can still welcome his new "Commonwealth Film Magazine."

Those who hope the B.B.C. will be able to maintain something like a TV Third Programme against all competition, see a substantial success in the TV Art Films, including *Graham Sutherland*, *Henry Moore* and *Black on White*. To-night's film is on John Piper, with the artist himself speaking the closing commentary. In its function of modern magic lantern, TV is perfectly suited to show films on art. One on the Wallace Collection is already in production, and three others are planned.

IN a similar field, though not of the same series, is to-morrow's *Quest for Charlotte*, a twenty-minute film specially produced by the North Region to commemorate the centenary of Charlotte Brontë's death. The pilgrimage to places associated with the novelist and her works is partly conducted, or, rather, narrated, by her biographer, Margaret Lane.

On the same evening John Betjeman should be in his element as guide to the beauties of Wells Cathedral.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

At the Pictures

Three aces and a king

THIS week is distinguished by three interesting Continental films. At the Curzon there is Renato Rascel, to be seen in the Italian film *The Overcoat*, a Grand Prix winner at Cannes, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In the same programme and in similar comic, pathetic vein, is the French film, *The Strange Desire of Monsieur Bard*, directed by Geza Radvanyi and starring Michel Simon.

At the Cameo-Poly there is that able Swiss actress Maria Schell, in a German-Yugoslav co-production, *The Last Bridge*, directed by Helmut Kautner, which won the Golden Laurel Award at Cannes. All three have an element of that something that makes the cinema worth while.

SOME compare Rascel to Chaplin. This is going too far and is not fair, because it makes you expect more than you will get. He does portray, in his own way, the same shabby, uncertain little man at cross-purposes with the world, and some of his tricks are reminiscent. He has the knack of making us wonder whether we should laugh or weep at his pathetic ineptitude. He is all right as Rascel.

The Overcoat is based on a short-story of Gogol. The governing passion of the down-trodden Rascel is to have a new overcoat so that he can impress the ladies and his fellow clerks in an Italian provincial town where the Mayor's perks are more important than the drains. We have a lot of fun as he becomes unwittingly involved in the shady municipal doings and is bribed to keep his mouth shut.

HENCE, he can buy his overcoat. It is a tailoring masterpiece. So, incidentally, is the performance of Giulio Cali as the artistic tailor. Thus resplendently clad, he moves up the social scale, is invited to the Town Clerk's reception, and makes a hit with the Mayor's mistress, the statuesque Yvonne Sanson. But from now on Nemesis takes over. He gets drunk and disgraces himself. On the way home a footpad steals his overcoat. He dies, and even dead he cannot do right, for his funeral upsets the arrangements for a civic reception.

By this time Rascel has shown us his talent and the film might well end. But it does not. It changes its mood and shows us Rascel's ghost haunting the town.

The film is no masterpiece, but is refreshingly out-of-the-ordinary, and Renato Rascel is an original whom you should not miss.

MORE French polish shines in *The Strange Desire of Monsieur Bard*. It provides some stylish comedy, devastating comment on life in general, and an excellent performance from the ever-splendid Michel Simon.



Gilbert Roland and Olivia de Havilland as the lovers in *That Lady*, with Paul Scofield as the jealousy-wracked Philip of Spain who gives a great performance

He plays a bachelor bus-driver who has not long to live. He wins a fortune at the Casino. What to do with it? He decides that God has given him the money, not to enjoy, but to leave to a child.

But how to get a child? Much Gallic wit, as you can think, goes into the search for a suitable mother. Finally, Genevieve Page, stony broke, agrees to the unromantic proposal for half the legacy. Simon wants a beautiful child and is convinced that his own ugliness comes from the fact that his peasant mother had nothing beautiful to look at. And so he takes Mlle. Page on a tour of Italian art centres. A nice joke, and nicely developed.

It is all done with a light, Latin touch which agreeably mingles comic and tragic.

A DOCTOR'S dual loyalty in wartime—to his own side and to the enemy as part of humanity in general—is the theme of *The Last Bridge*, a good German-Yugoslav film with Maria Schell in the principal role.

The scene is the Balkans. Maria Schell is a German doctor captured by partisans and put unwillingly to work on tending their wounded. After unsuccessful attempts to escape, she settles down in her new environment and comes to respect her captors.

Miss Schell's performance is beautifully sensitive. The moral intent of the film is praiseworthy. But, of course, there has to be a love interest. The general theme is often obscured by the particular fact that the leader of the German patrol is her lover; and you sometimes wonder if Miss Schell is not also falling under the masculine charm of the partisan commander.

However, she is a good enough actress to give us a quite convincing picture of a woman torn between the claims of patriotism and humanity, at the same time as she handles more mundane and feminine problems.

YET another chapter in Twentieth Century-Fox's CinemaScope and Eastman-coloured revision of history is on view in *That Lady*.

It is based on Miss Kate O'Brien's novel of court romance in sixteenth-century Spain. The film is really lovely to look at, and, as a tour of mediæval Castile, it outdoes Mr. Cook.

Olivia de Havilland plays the Princess de Eboli, a grand lady who wears a becoming black eye-patch. Miss de Havilland behaves rather like a Mayfair hostess until King Philip claps her into gaol because of her affair with his Secretary of State (Gilbert Roland). Then we are shown some of the spirit that lost her her eye in a duel and the film comes to life.

The best acting is by Paul Scofield. He gives a three-dimensional study of the ailing King. Why have we not seen him on the screen before this?

—Dennis W. Clarke



Frank Buckingham

YOUNG DIRECTOR WITH A FUTURE

MICHAEL ANDERSON, who has directed the Associated British picture *The Dam Busters*, which will have its London première in May, is one of the youngest directors in this country ever to be entrusted with such a large-scale film. The stars are Richard Todd, as Wing Cdr. Guy Gibson (who led the historic raid), and Michael Redgrave

COMING-OF-AGE DANCE IN WORCESTERSHIRE

MR. and Mrs. John Bourne gave a twenty-first celebration dance for their daughter in the historic village of Broadway, in Worcestershire, and the great hall belonging to the hotel in which the dance was held made a lovely setting for this very happy occasion. Miss Janet Bourne was twenty-one in January but was unable to celebrate her birthday earlier as she has been studying music up at Cambridge. Her parents live at Snowhill, near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucester. Right: Mr. and Mrs. John Bourne and Janet waiting for their guests



Mr. Jock Henderson and Miss Elizabeth Pugh were having refreshments between numbers



Mr. Jeremy Veasey and his partner, Miss Catherine Boulton. There were some 150 guests at this gay and memorable event



Gen. A. Aizlewood and Mrs. D. W. Evetts were watching the dancers. Gen. Aizlewood hunts with the North Cotswold



Top left: Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Bushell were among the young married couples who were enjoying this event. Top right: Miss Vanya Walker-Leigh, who is a debutante this year, was having a word with Mr. Tony Lake. Lower left: Miss Marcella Ryan was amused by a remark of Mr. Robert Kendall. Lower right: Miss Patricia Murray partnered in a waltz by Mr. John Boys



Miss Valerie Murray, Miss Annabel Sturridge, Mr. Derek Smith and Mr. Jeremy Keyte relaxing for a short while

Miss Buffy Fox, Mr. Simon Preston, Miss Sue Whitehead and Mr. Charles Woodham-Smith were among the company

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...



At the recent jamboree of the Society of Friends of English Harbour at Antigua, in the Leeward Islands, a hundred people attended the annual meeting at the dockyard and (*vide* Press) nearly 400 were present at the cocktail party following. Which indicates, unless we err, that the Society of Friends of the Dry Martini was represented in the usual proportion on such occasions of about 3 to 1.

Apparently there was no trouble at the Antigua party with the long-established subsidiary body known as the Society of Friends of the Dry Martini, some of whom are, as everybody knows, thrown out of parties very early, seeping back as the evening wears on. A member of the SFFDM was telling us that even nowadays he rarely has to pay for a pre-dinner cocktail once in six weeks. The traditional Foulennough technique still serves for all large smart parties, the average hostess having ceased to know or care towards 7.30 p.m.

For small parties the SFFDM's confidential advance-information service is available to members. Most party-hosts have done, or are doing, something they shouldn't. Immediately on arrival, therefore, the SFFDM member finds the host, takes him out of earshot of his wife, and murmurs (*e.g.*): "Jolly all-night show round at Popsy's last Wednesday week, wasn't it?" He then nods, smiles, and trips away unchallenged to the buffet, leaving his host mopping his brow.

You ask if this procedure is cricket, and we say yes, certainly, the essence of cricket. You ask how, and we point out that like all symbolic fertility-rites, cricket is fundamentally indelicate. Oh, I say, look here!

Sissies

STUMPING round his Burslem works on his wooden leg in the year 1755, smashing inferior teapots and chalking on walls "This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood," old Jos Wedgwood the First would (we guess) have merely grunted scornfully if some local prophet had informed him that 200 years later a Wedgwood Society would be formed—as recently—in London to discuss and study his famous ware.

Being "reet Staffordsheer," like Dr. Johnson, and a vintage Arnold Bennett type, the old maestro would undoubtedly despise the Wedgwood Society boys for not thinking of this two centuries before. This upstage attitude, which is in the Five Towns blood—Bennett himself, kindest of men, couldn't help secretly looking down his nose in Mayfair nightclubs at the Sissy South—is, of course, as we need hardly remind you, a defence-mechanism against the Scots, who despise the Staffordshire locals for calling oatcakes "whutcakes" and devouring them soft instead of hard, in the manly Scottish fashion. Over the Border, in fact, the prevalent view of Wedgwood ware is that it's the self-expression, in an effeminate *genre*, of a typical soft-oatcake-eater, fop, and degenerate.

We derive this from a Scots gigolo we once met. He was bending a poker in half at the time to entertain a decadent Southern butterfly.

Crooner

FROM a disquisition on folk-music in *The Times* it was clear to us that Auntie's boy had a strictly academic approach and had never discussed folk-music with a Hebridean seal-woman, like a chap we know.

She was crooning a Gaelic love-lilt on a rock in Eriskay when this chap, a rather precise Class I. Whitehall type, came along the beach, raising his bowler politely and saying "Good evening"; to which the seal-woman replied with a cry sounding like "Bdhoigeachta mo n'ghobiarraidh!"

After a pause this chap said quietly: "There is no occasion to be insulting, madam." At this the seal-woman flushed and said: "Say, listen, maybe I'm half a seal but I'd certainly hate to have you think that—it kinda hurts." It appeared that her mother, a noted crooner, had married a visiting real-estate tycoon from Kansas City. "I guess Pop would of taken Mom and me back home to K.C. if it wasn't for getting the razz from the Elks," she said wistfully. "And listen," said this seal-woman suddenly, embracing him tightly, "I'm not such a lousy crooner myself, I guess if I'd gotten me some radio-contacts I'd be way up. Get a load of this."

Getaway

AFTER hoarsely crooning one of Pop's old favourites, beginning:

*Nine-tenths of the Tennessee River
Are the tears that I shed over YEW...*

she announced that she had decided to travel south to Portland Place in this chap's arms and see Sir Ian Jacob in person. After an undignified struggle he got away. "Fiachridhe na m'fhoilach!" shouted the seal-woman after him. Doubtless (he thinks) something excessively rude.

Lure

WITH a sinking heart we laid down a new timetable-folder issued by a big international (U.S.) airline. On the back page its publicity boys invited the citizenry of two continents to win an open essay-prize of 100,000 dollars. Subject, air-travel.

It upset us personally because that 25.8 per cent. of the populace not already writing novels is very precious to us, an admired élite, and we don't want it lured into dropping everything and grabbing its pens on any pretext. As a matter of fact some of the majority are taking a more decent line at this moment we find. An aged cowman down our way, Old Man Mumble, said to us last week: "One need not publish all the time. I have just finished a stark, fearless 80,000-word novel of the soil for which, my agent keeps assuring me, Faber and Faber would give their back-teeth. But self-expression is sufficient. I have published enough, pro tem. Integrity comes first. This (something) village," said Old Man Mumble bitterly, "has been lousy with Literature ever since that (something) faggot Mrs. Mangle's Rosie touched the 150,000 net-sales mark with *Tumbles In The Hay*." The dear, dirty old man was right, and we honour him.

You ask what other lure the airline boys could have thought up. We suggest a good popular competition, such as guessing what names of wellknown cities are hidden behind L-ND-N, P-R-S, N-W Y-RK, and so forth. We—even we—once won a rolled-gold gent's Albert at this game.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



CAMBRIDGE NARROWLY BEAT OXFORD

Fine golf played at Rye
in a bitter north-easter

AFTER the first-day of the inter-University meeting, Cambridge had their supporters extremely worried when they lost the foursomes by 3 matches to 2. In the singles Oxford started badly in the morning and at lunchtime Cambridge were up in seven matches out of ten. A biting north-easter wind, with snow falling occasionally from a clear blue sky, did not

deter the many spectators, and in the afternoon Oxford just failed to stage an effective counter-attack. After being 3 down in the morning, H. E. Impey of Oxford played grimly to defeat M. Grindrod, and this was the only match that went the other way. The photograph above shows W. J. K. Weir (Cambridge) holing a long putt in his nerve-racking match with M. E. Kitchin, who had his chances, and if he had taken two putts instead of three at the 31st, the result might have been different. The final score stood at Cambridge 8; Oxford 7



Col. and Mrs. R. K. Morrison, Miss Katharine Morrison and Miss June Hopkins had a good view at the 18th



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gardiner-Hill were watching near the 14th green. Mr. Gardiner-Hill captained Oxford in 1951



Mr. J. Pearman and Miss E. Howse followed the match in which G. L. Huddy (Cambridge) beat R. T. Gardiner-Hill by 10 and 9



Mr. Leonard Crawley, England's international captain, watching with Mr. J. E. Palmer-Tomkinson

Desmond O'Neill



Mr. D. Payne, Mr. S. R. King, Miss Shirley Jones and Miss Suzanne Gaunt, supporters of the Victoria Club, were waiting at the start



A LEADING NORTHERN ROWING EVENT

Race for the Head of the River at Chester

THE North of England Head of the River Race, organised by the Royal Chester Rowing Club, started at Eccleston Ferry and finished at The Groves, Chester, where the Royal Chester R.C. have their boat-house about 200 yards upstream from the Suspension Bridge. The winners were Durham University with a time of 18.34, with the Royal Chester I. four seconds behind them and Pengwern B.C. third, at 18.42. It is an eight-oared race, rowed over a course of about 3½ miles, and its object, as with the Thames Head of the River Race, is to provide a competitive event at the end of the winter rowing season. It draws crews from the Tideway, the Universities and from Ireland, as well as from most local provincial rowing clubs, and has been rowed annually except for the war years, since first instituted by the Royal Chester R.C. in 1935. (Above, right) The boats marshalled above the start



Mr. R. T. Bigland, president of the Royal Chester R.C., and a steward and judge, with Mr. John Snagge of the B.B.C., who at the end of the day presented the prizes



Four of the officials: Mr. S. Gaskell, an umpire, Mr. Donald Bailey, one of the announcers, Mr. G. R. Ellis, an umpire, and Lt.-Col. H. A. A. Howell, deputy chief umpire



Miss J. Rodd, Mr. R. C. Langdon and Mr. J. A. Veats, who are both in the crew of the Lensbury Rowing Club, were here in conference with Miss A. Stemp



Mr. W. B. Allanby and Mr. V. A. Cain, the chief marshals, Mr. C. Y. Dawbarn, the race starter, and Mr. H. C. Irvine, the chief umpire, discussing the very close race



ADMIRERS OF THE THOROUGHBRED made pilgrimage to Derby racecourse, where the Hunters Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society gave its show. Above, the stallion Your Fancy, First Premium (Class 4), Super Premium and Reserve for the King George V. Champion Challenge Cup for the best thoroughbred stallion in the show. Right: The Duke of Gloucester, President of the Society, and Colonel Lord Digby, President-Elect



At The Races

The chamois should know

NEXT to watching coursing, being a spectator at a steeplechase meeting must surely be the coldest form of diversion in the wide world, and, in actual fact, there is only one way in which to keep even moderately warm at any jumping meeting: have a ride in every race, and wear a really thick coat in between whiles!

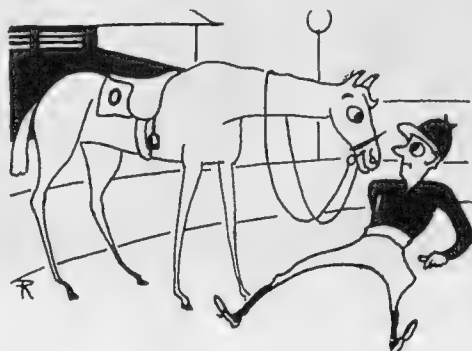
Here is another little suggestion for those who are brave and hardy enough to take on this roll, bowl or pitch business in our Arctic climate: try a chamois leather waistcoat! It is the best stopper of the unkind winter winds of which I know; light, impenetrable and absolutely reliable. I have tried it in a very cold place, about 17,000 ft. up in the air.

It was sad to some of us to see a well-established idol like Sir Ken beaten out of a place in the Champion Hurdle race at Cheltenham, but even the best are not like Tennyson's brook! However, the winner, Clair Soleil, is top-class, and our only regret can be that he was not bred on this side of the Channel, and further, in spite of his name, that he did nothing to heighten the temperature.

Possibly the disappointment of those who did not back that 33 to 1 chance, Gay Donald, in the principal event of the meeting was, in a measure, requited by the promising performances of H.M. the Queen Mother's two runners, Devon Loch and M'as-Tu-Vu. Neither of them won,

but they gave us something to think about, and it is quite possible that Her Majesty owns the best middle-distance 'chaser in England. As to M'as-Tu-Vu, he was not over his right distance. He is a long-distance customer and a real tradesman over a big fence.

BUT I suggest that too much notice should not be taken of this Cheltenham form. Very few horses will put their best foot foremost when there is so much bone in the ground. I am thinking principally of the Grand National contingent. The jar from landing on such a surface is very considerable, and, at time of writing, we can only hope for better conditions at Aintree.



It must be heartening to some people to be told that a race-horse is not really a horse at all! After the things which one has heard said about a horse that has not won when expected, this is not surprising. In a recent case learned Counsel said, and his Lordship agreed with him, that race-horses were not "horses" at all within the meaning of the Act. Counsel argued that the word "horse" had to be looked at in collocation with the words "Carriages" and "Stable furniture." A horse is only a horse if he is put to some utilitarian purpose; therefore, all these things which have won the Derby, and other great races, have not been horses at all, but something more like vehicles!

HIS Lordship in this case asked, what is the meaning of a "personal chattel" as opposed to a real chattel. At one time in the dim past, as we know, women, especially wives, were rated as "chattels," but that, I think, went out long ago, long before the days when they were permitted to own such things as steeplechase horses. It would not be tolerated to call Mrs. X a "chattel" in these days, and might result in a most serious uprising of what was once considered the gentler sex.

Whether the Judge and Counsel in this recent case were influenced by a fear of this happening, no one can tell, but they did not dare to say anything about it, and so, presumably, they had that at the back of their minds.

The answer to the current question: "Do foxes kill sheep?" is an emphatic "No." They are not big enough, for one thing, and, for another, they much prefer rats and mice!

—Sabretache



SNOW STILL LAY ON COURSE AT MELTON MOWBRAY 'CHASES

DESPITE the bleak weather and the presence of snow still on the course, the Leicestershire Yeomanry and the Household Brigade Saddle Club point-to-point meeting at Greens Lodge, Whissendine, was most successful. Spectators included many parties who had motored up from London, and they saw several close finishes. Above, runners are seen getting away just after the start of the Open race



The Earl of Lanesborough (left), who is in the Leicestershire Yeomanry, was officiating in the paddock; with him is Miss Julia Meston

Right: Miss Valerie Mason with Mr. Paul Davies and his brother, Mr. John Davies, whose horse, Hopeful Warrior, won second place in the Adjacent Hunts' Farmers' Race

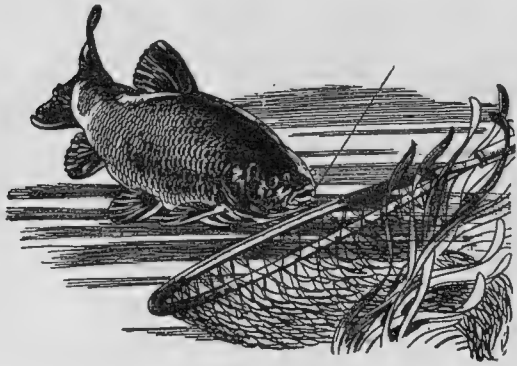


Left: Lieut.-Col. J. R. Hanbury, Master of the Belvoir, who commands the Leicestershire Yeomanry, Col. J. Smith-Maxwell and Mrs. Hanbury in the paddock

Right: Dr. G. H. P. John, of Melton Mowbray, who rides in point-to-point races, chatting with Miss Heather Montgomery before the Household Brigade race



THE PATIENT SKILL of the angler is delightfully summarised in *The Angling Times Book* (James Barrie, 12s. 6d.). These chapter headings are by Bernard Venables, joint editor with Howard Marshall



Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

A GODDESS OF SUMMER

THERE are groups of people who have a particular glitter of their own.

Time never buries them; they are ever-living in the fascination which they extend. They would not survive, I think, had they been false or tawdry—no, they give instance of social genius, gaiety, elegance, wit or grace. One such group is that brilliant coterie, the Whig aristocracy of the late eighteenth century, which had as its centre Devonshire House, and as its magnet the woman who there reigned.

She was lovely, great-hearted and imprudent—and of her, it still seems, we cannot know enough. *GEORGIANA*—"Extracts from the Correspondence of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," edited by the Earl of Bessborough, P.C., G.C.M.G.—is therefore certain to appeal. It is published by John Murray, at 25s.



CAPT. ROBERT BARCLAY, who walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours for a 1,000-guinea wager. One of a great richness of illustrations, plain and coloured, in *Collectors' Items from The Saturday Book*, by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith (Hutchinson; 21s.)

The Downman portrait on the wrapper (to be found, again, as frontispiece) is well chosen. A glowing young creature, curls blown forward by the breeze which ruffles her muslin dress, stands poised, one fingertip on a balustrade, in a state of rapturous indecision. Life holds, one guesses, so many golden offers that she does not know, at the moment, which way to turn.

SUMMER was the season in which the portrait was painted—and summer never expired, quite, from that overcast and chaotic life. "Your letters," once wrote her mother, "have done me good, my dearest Georgiana, they are quite like yourself, and when you are that you are a lovely creature. But..."

At seventeen, in 1774, this elder of the two daughters of the first Earl Spencer had married William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. Too young, considered her mother—and she was right. "Georgiana," the Countess wrote to a friend, on the eve of the wedding, "is indeed to be taken from me much sooner than I think either for her advantage or my comfort. . . . She is amiable, innocent and benevolent, but she is giddy, idle and fond of dissipation. May God Almighty protect and guide her."

"It was natural," writes Lady Spencer to her daughter, "that you should attract the attention of the world." Beauty, rank, wealth, and, above all, that extraordinary shimmer of personality—could one wonder? It could be said (and it was) that Georgiana, having had all that a woman could desire, had gone on to muddle it all away. The world, her world, her own brilliant circle, infatuated, dizzied and enmeshed her. Her overflowing sympathies swept her into scrape after scrape. She was fatally responsive to her surroundings. Her indiscretions, generous and impulsive, were turned into scandals by ready tongues: there was, too, her over-enthusiastic support of Charles James Fox in the Westminster election; there was her close, confidential friendship with the raffish and talked-about Prince of Wales. (As go-between for him and

Mrs. Fitzherbert, she ended by burning her fingers badly.)

Life, it was true, did little to "settle" her: for nine years after her marriage she was childless, and the Duke—although she writes of him with nothing but loyalty and affection, was clearly not the love of her heart. The Charles Grey affair, when she was no longer young, cost her dear in secrecy and confusion.

NIGHTMARE began with the gambling debts—which mounted to a sum she could not bear to name, as a whole, to any single person. Remorse and terror alternate with feckless optimism: we have her whole series of letters to Mr. Coutts, the banker upon whose pity she threw herself. And, too, that long-suffering man's to her. He was but one of the people across whose life the enchanting creature left a long trail of damage.

She *did* blame herself. She dreaded telling the Duke. She was, indeed, in a hopelessly weak position—and this, one sees, is more than enough to account for her dependence on Lady Elizabeth Foster. Lady Elizabeth (referred to by one of the Duchess's children as "that crocodile") played, in the Devonshire household, a dual role: she was the Duchess's bosom friend and the Duke's mistress. The *ménage à trois* scandalised Lady Spencer: one cannot wonder. Georgiana's letter to her mother on page 175 is enlightening.

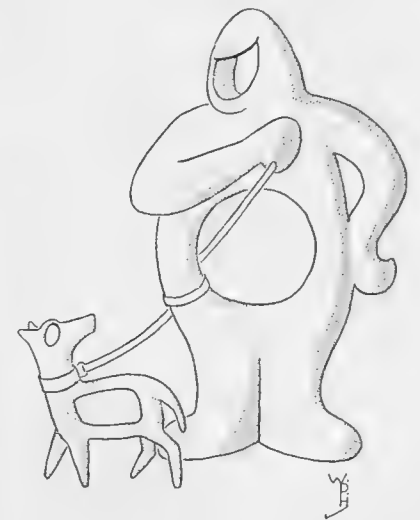
As a human document, *Georgiana* is unique. It is brimful with personalities, who breathe and move as they might to-day. The Duchess's relationship with her sister, Harriet Bessborough (whose own life and intricate personality provide, perhaps, a still greater drama), is beautiful, and sweetens the darkening days. As a correspondence—for the letters assembled here are to Georgiana, as well as by her; and some of them are about her—this gives a fascinating, all-round picture. Her own epistolary style is spontaneous, and ultra-personal: spelling is not her strong point.

She breaks out into poetry, into French. Her enchantment with people, her love of dress and of parties, and her passion for politics all give colour. How happy she was when she was free of the world—her visit to the clergyman uncle in the Norfolk rectory is commemorated by a naïve little poem. And what a story, this life! From the historical point of view, *Georgiana* is rich in glimpses and sidelights—France, for instance, and the Versailles court upon the very eve of the Revolution.

[Continued on page 684]



Mrs. Virginia Gunkel, chairman of the Foreign Exhibitions of a leading American association of women artists, who arranged for and selected the U.S. exhibits, with Miss Margaret Geddes, chairman of the W.I.A.C.



WOMEN ARTISTS' WORK ON SHOW

THE Women's International Art Club held their exhibition of paintings and sculptures at the New Burlington Galleries. Special interest was taken in the selection of sculpture by woman artists from America and in the guest artist from Paris, Miss Helen Phillips, who brought some of her work to London on invitation



Mrs. Olga Slater, hon. secretary of the W.I.A.C., talking to Miss Mary Fedden, vice-chairman, and Mr. J. Alan Slater



Mr. S. W. Hayter, Mrs. F. E. McWilliam and Miss Sarah McWilliam discuss a piece of sculpture by Miss Helen Phillips



Miss Olga Edwardes, the actress, who is in private life Mrs. Nicholas Davenport, was talking to Mr. Julian Trevelyan, the artist

Van Hallan

Choice for the Week

by Mariel Deans

ON these two pages we show a tobacco brown fine grosgrain afternoon dress with matching jacket that, bought now, will be useful all summer long. Notice its low waist with the very full skirts starting below the draped sash, and the charmingly simple scooped-out neck and no sleeves that take us right back to the 1920s. The little jacket turns the whole affair into something much more informal and increases the usefulness of this ensemble by 100 per cent. It costs 28 gns. and comes from Woollands of Knightsbridge who also supply the hat and gloves



A charming little hat made of pleated brown silk jersey, trimmed at the back with champagne-coloured paillettes and flowers. Price 13½ gns. The gloves, of suède-like washable fabric, are priced at 16s. 6d.

*Afternoon dress that
can go out to dinner*

A long-waisted chemise-topped dress with a very full skirt, our choice of the week from Woollands, is shown here as a dinner dress. The little jacket fastens with one button and has three-quarter length sleeves cut in one with the top





SHADES of grey, from pearl to a pastel version of clerical flannel, will dominate the colour scheme of the season, giving emphasis to the piquancy of details in cuffs and collars

Blouse and sweater vogue

HERE are two very new cashmere sweaters designed by Christian Dior, and three charming blouses—to wear on rather more formal occasions or when the weather is a little warmer. (Above left) A high-necked grey silk organza blouse with long cuffed sleeves trimmed with white broderie anglais by Kates. Fenwicks of Bond Street have it. (Bottom right) Dior sweater with wide roll collar and short sleeves for wear with a full skirt. Made by Lyle and Scott: for sale at Marshall and Snelgrove





AUSTERITY, politely mocked by the most feminine of frills, gives an enduring quality to occasional and easily packed items which will do sterling duty for weekends when the guest's problem must be answered by a minimum of luggage



can serve for evenings, too

ABOVE left, Kates pure silk organza blouse shaded from pale white to deep grey. The three-tiered collar has a pleated frill. From Fenwicks. (Above right) Antioch sweater designed by Dior for Lyle and Scott. This one has a deeply scooped neck and three-quarter sleeves. From Marshall and Snelgrove. (Lower left) Estrava make this white piqué blouse with hardly any sleeves and a very low neckline. Wear it with a wide peasant skirt for sunny days. Jays of Regent Street have it



A poor relation makes headlines

COTTON, that Cinderella of the fabric hierarchy, has been headline news this season in the dress collections from Scandinavia to Spain, and the greater part of the raw material for this now fashion-approved fabric is British cotton from the Sudan. It is popular with spinners all over Europe because of the high standard of its grading, and the top quality fabrics woven from it have in turn been spotlighted at the Spring Collections in London, Paris, Rome and Madrid

—MARIEL DEANS



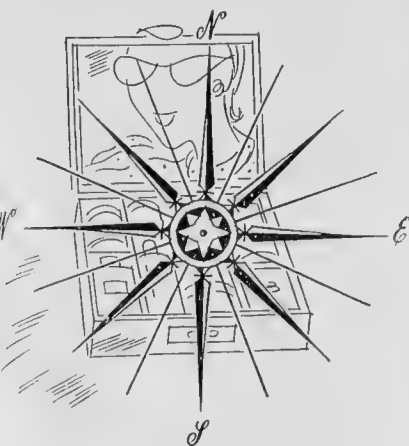
LONDON: Ronald Paterson's elegant suit in milk chocolate and white, with an overprint of black roses. Buttons and lapels are of gun-metal velvet



Digby Morton's simple smoke grey dress with white print, buttoning from arm to hem at either side. There is a full matching apron



Exotic evening dress by Hartnell, pencil slim with a wide, separate side panel. The pattern is red hibiscus flowers on a white ground



ROME: On the opposite page is shown Antonelli's youthful garden dress of blue and white stripes, with cleverly placed pockets forming the focal point. Right: Capucci uses dark red silky Sudan cotton for this short evening dress, with its original and intricately cut skirt



PARIS: White embroidered cotton organdie is used by Hubert de Givenchy for this dress with fitting spencer jacket which lightly marks the waist



Organdie and chiffon, finest and most diaphanous of all fabrics, are allied in Griffe's evening dress which stresses the "long torso" silhouette



Christian Dior makes this fairytale dress of white organdie. Braiding and embroidery trim the skirt, emphasize the high-built corsage



Scandinavian "flower crib" made in lacquered white wood with metal container for plants, and walnut coloured legs. Price £5 approx. from Exclusive Furniture, 55 Hanbury Street, E.1

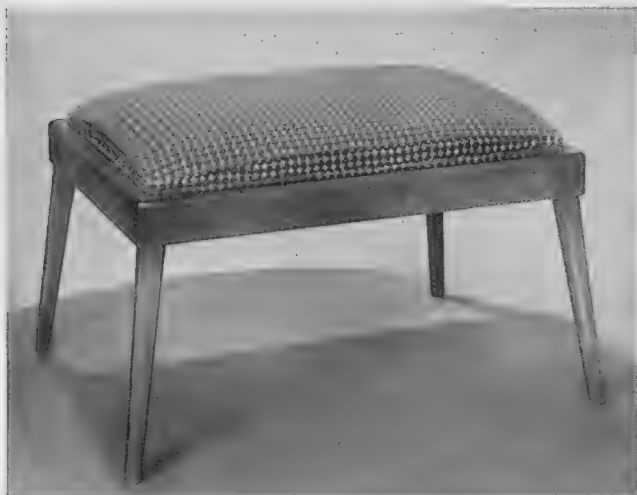
To hurry winter from your home

HERE two very different kinds of craftsmen have made, in glass and wood, examples of the quiet touch of luxury which brings a room to life, or redeems it from the drabness so evident (if only to the owner's eye) each spring

—JEAN CLELAND



Two Whitefriars candlesticks of unusual design, in flint, green and smoke. Price 19s. each from Fortnum & Mason



Stool for use as a coffee table, upholstered seat, or chair extension. £4 10s. Leading stores can get it for you



The same stool with upholstery reversed to fit inside the frame, revealing a sheer polished table top



Glass dish with gold star motifs, for sweets, nuts or any other cocktail savouries. The price is 17s. 6d. from Finnigan's



Graceful specimen vase with bubbles at the base for holding a single flower, as illustrated. From Finnigan's, 11s. 6d.



Table glass designed and engraved by Stephen Rickard, exclusive to Fortnum & Mason. Sets of six, £6 17s. 6d. to £10 5s.

Dennis Smith



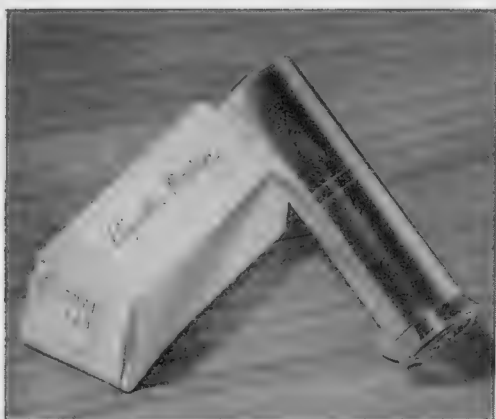
Delicate and original in design is this "Sea Horse" tankard. £4 8s. 6d. per set of six from Fortnum & Mason



Siesta chair with foam rubber seating. It costs £15 16s. 6d. to £16 5s. 6d. and the stool £5 13s. to £6 15s. 6d. From most good stores



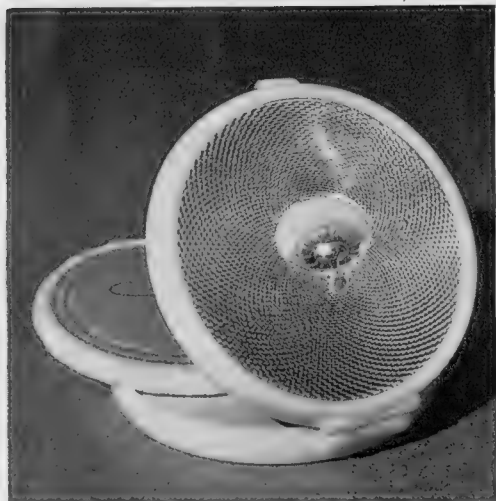
Antoine



Arden



Charles of the Ritz



Coty

Beauty

The alphabet of elegance

Jean Cleland

LIKE the sorbet ice in the middle of a long dinner, I give you now, between descriptions of the beauty treatments which I have been writing lately, a refresher in the form of something nearly all women want to know—"What's New?"

New preparations, cosmetics and bath luxuries have been making their appearance in a steady stream, and many of them are now arrayed before me on my desk, ready to take a bow. Some have arrived in the shops recently, others are only just on the market, and will be available when this article appears.

Remembering my concert days as a professional violinist, and the feelings which arose with regard to order of appearance on a programme, I propose to present these newcomers in alphabetical order, starting with:

A for ANTOINE from whom comes three preparations; two French and one English. First "Satin Pêche," a non-greasy foundation which is, at the same time, excellent for a sensitive complexion. It protects the skin against weather (cold, wind, sun and dust) and gives a smooth porcelain finish. Next, "Masque 24," a cream-like preparation which acts as a mask, and is excellent for clearing the skin and smoothing out any roughness. Last, a new "Pink Satin" Hand Lotion. This is an English product, exclusive to Antoine. It rubs in quickly and easily, has a delightfully fresh fragrance, and leaves the skin beautifully soft.

A for ARDEN (Elizabeth), who makes a bright and dashing contribution to the new season's fashions with a gay and lovely lipstick called "Pure Red." The colour is exactly what the name implies, and can be worn with most shades. It is very clear, and the texture is soft and silky.

C for CHARLES OF THE RITZ who live up to their reputation for subtle *maquillage* with some new eye-shadows in three lovely shades. "Fern," a light and delicate shade of green, "China Blue," a very soft shade of blue, "Silver

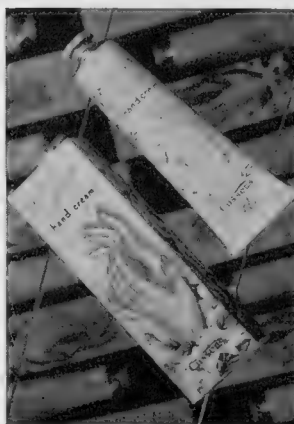
Violet," a softly shimmering iridescent shade, specially created for evening wear.

C for COTY, who, having had such a success with their well-known "Hand Treatment Cream" containing Vicotol, now include this valuable ingredient in a new "Cream Powder," which is a blend of Airspun Powder with a Vicotol base, both protective and non-drying. The "Cream Powder" comes in an attractive light-weight ivory and gold case, fitted with mirror and washable puff. Refills (slim white case and washable puff) can be had to slip in quite easily when the original powder is finished.

C for GUSSENS, who present their delightful "Linden Blossom" fragrance in a soft and silky talcum powder, which can now be had in a decorative tin, very colourful and springlike. Their well-known "Apple Blossom" hand cream, too, comes in a new guise. Put up in a tube, it can be packed conveniently for travelling, or for carrying around in the handbag. It is a good companion to the familiar bottle of the same hand cream, made to stand on the dressing table or in the bathroom.

C for CUTEX, who salute the spring with a brand new colour in nail varnish called "Pink'n Sweet." This is a delightful shade, which, not too dark or heavy, will go beautifully with light frocks, and especially with greens, blues and some of the new yellow tones. It is what could be described as a good mixer, and looks well with most colours. It lasts well, too, which makes it practical for everyday use.

G for GALA, whose latest creation is a new "special" Gala colour called "Italian Pink," so named because it is a shade much loved in the south. Made in all forms of Gala lip-colour, with matching nail colour, it looks immensely gay and lively, and is described as a "brilliant neutral." It can be worn with all fashion colours (except reds and browns).



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Cutex



Gala

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● AND THE LADY LOOKS YOUNGER. Beware tell-tale signs of age. There are certain vulnerable points (your throat, upper arms, hands and ankles) that are a sure give-away of your age, *unless* you do something about them. At No. 3 Grafton Street, we do it for you—effortlessly, pleasantly. Our various beauty treatments (one for every problem) work wonders. Your ankles become slim curves. Your throat becomes graceful and firm. Your arms and hands grow slender and beautiful again. Ask us about the treatment best suited to your particular needs.

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Miss Elizabeth Audrey Clarke, only daughter of Rear Admiral Sir Philip and Lady Clarke, of Elmhurst, Kenley, Surrey, is engaged to Lt.-Cdr. Sir Peter Anson, Bt., Royal Navy, eldest son of the late Sir Edward R. Anson, Bt., and of Lady Anson, of Meadows, Hatch Beauchamp, Taunton, Somerset



Miss Diana Cynthia Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jones, of Wootton Court, Warwick, is to marry Mr. John T. Richardson, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. L. Richardson, of Kenilworth Road, Coventry



Miss Rose Ariel Hill, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony E. L. Hill, of Hockley House, Twyford, Hants, is engaged to Capt. Fergus Erskine Hughes-Onslow, the Rifle Brigade, youngest son of Capt. and Mrs. O. Hughes-Onslow, of Craig, Turnberry, Ayrshire, Scotland



Miss Phyllida Pennington, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. G. W. Pennington-Ramsden, of Versions Farm, Brackley, Northants, is engaged to Mr. Patrick Gordon-Duff, son of Capt. G. E. Gordon-Duff, C.B.E., of Amersham, Bucks, and of Mrs. E. R. Meyer, of The Old House, Rotherwick, Hampshire



Miss Patricia Dawbarn, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Dawbarn, of Julian Hill, Brooklands Road, Weybridge, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Bernard Pardoe, only son of the late Mr. F. Pardoe, and of Mrs. Pardoe, of Netherton, Worcs

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KIMMINS—TAYLOR

Mr. Simon Kimmins, son of Captain Anthony Kimmins, O.B.E., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Kimmins, of Queen's Gate, S.W., married Miss Gillian Taylor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor, of Alford Street, London, and Furze Creek, Bosham, at St. Peter's, Linchmere, Sussex



MACDONALD—FITZPATRICK

Captain John Macdonald, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Macdonald of Viewfield, Portree, Isle of Skye, married Miss Ann Fitzpatrick, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. L. V. Fitzpatrick, of Camberley, at St Paul's, Knightsbridge. Cameron Highlanders formed a guard of honour



DUTHIE—BATES

Captain Robin David Duthie, R.A.S.C., only son of Mrs. E. C. Duthie and the late Mr. A. R. Duthie, of Winchmore Hill, London, married Miss Susan Nina S. Bates, elder daughter of Mr. C. F. Bates, of Panshanger, Herts, and the late Mrs. N. A. Bates, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Wareside, near Ware



KING SMITH—PICKERING

Mr. J. R. King Smith, son of the late Mr. W. King Smith and of Mrs. King Smith, of Holland Road, Kensington, married Miss J. E. Pickering, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. R. E. Pickering, of Old Bursledon, Hants, at Stoughton



POLLACK—POZNER

Mr. Joseph Pollack, son of Mrs. S. Pollack and the late Mr. S. Pollack, of Kenton, Middlesex, married recently Miss Ann Pozner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Pozner, of Preston Park, Wembley



THOMPSON HANCOCK— NEWTON SHARP

Dr. Percy Ellis Thompson Hancock, of Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, and Berwicks, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, married Mrs. Laurie Newton Sharp, of Curzon Street, London, W.1




Photograph by John Cole

Miss Jean Dawnay

New York loves her . . . Paris adores her but she is married to London. Her face has graced a thousand glossies and her head has crowned the most beautiful clothes of all three cities. She chooses as her personal hairdresser Martin Douglas & René at 30 Davies Street, Mayfair, W.1.
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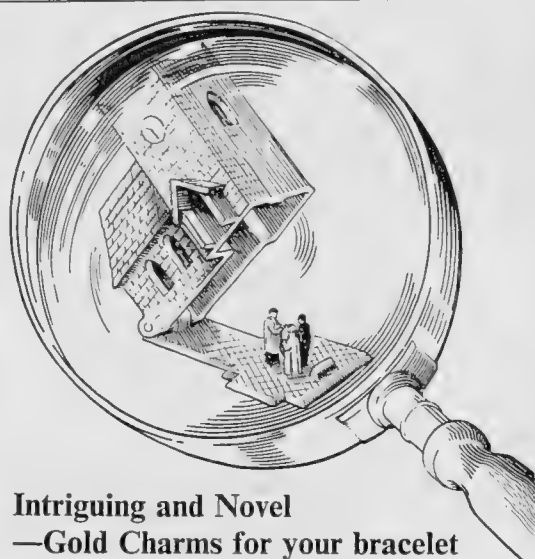

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THE SUNBEAM has been so successful in competitions, that its virtues as a family and touring car are apt to be overlooked. This photograph of the current Mark III convertible coupé well displays its quiet dignity and hints at its great interior comfort



Motoring

Haloes versus tails

Oliver Stewart

HOWEVER much we may regret the dog-eat-dog policy of London Transport, and however short-sighted and irresponsible we may think it, we must still involve ourselves in the fight. For a big monopoly of this kind can exert an influence upon the Government out of proportion to its national value, and it is now clear that a considerable effort is to be exerted by London Transport to keep private motorists out of central London.

The argument is well known. It is that the bus passenger is occupying less road space than the motor-car passenger. There is also the implication that mob-travel is somehow a finer thing than individual travel and that whereas all bus passengers wear haloes, all motorists have tails. Like so many arguments advanced by large organizations and given semi-official approval, this one is unsupported by factual evidence.

It is like the famous rabbit argument. Rabbits, we were told, mulcted our food supplies in the value of nearly one million pounds a week. Now—except in one county—there are no rabbits. But food does not cost less and the farmers want a higher subsidy! The same sequence would occur if any Minister of Transport were ill-advised enough to do what London Transport wants; that is to ban private cars from London. The cars would disappear, but the congestion would remain.

UNTIL we have a study of city congestion as careful as that behind the theory of traffic flow on long crowded roads, given by Lighthill and Witham before the Royal Society recently, we shall not know for certain what are the principal causes of traffic congestion. But there is some reason to suppose that buses are the chief cause. If they were working for all distance run to an average load factor of seventy or eighty, there might be validity in the argument about the ratio of road space to traveller. But they are not working to anything approaching those figures.

Day alter day and night alter night one can see long lines of empty or nearly empty buses in London's streets. Only during two brief periods of each day are the buse

working to something near their capacity and then only over short sections of their routes. For the rest of the time they are cluttering up the streets carrying from place to place an unproductive crew of two. Motor-cars are always thought of as carrying only one person; but the average load is certainly more than one, and that load is normally carried over a large part of the route run.

A rough calculation I have recently made (I repeat that we shall not *know* these facts until a thorough study is made) shows that the road area neutralized by each bus passenger to each kilometre of route traversed is more than double that neutralized by each private car passenger. This takes no account of the dead weight of bus drivers and conductors who are continuously motoring themselves about the streets. London Transport would be well advised to stop its campaigning.

REAR drive again came into the picture at the Geneva Show with the new Fiat 600, an interesting piece of design and it should become popular. Reasoning does not tell us whether the rear mounted engine is better than the front mounted engine. On grounds of weight distribution, cooling, accessibility, body space and control both can be made to work well. But reason does suggest, though in slightly veiled terms, that if the drive is to be from the front, the front mounted engine may be better, whereas if the drive is to be from the rear, the rear mounted engine may be better. Therefore, reason seems on the face of it to be against the vast majority of successful motor-cars of the present time—a sign of how dangerous it is to be guided by reason in motor-car designing!

Perhaps the best way of elucidating the problem worrying the front-endians and the rear-endians is racing. Two of the cars in which young Tom Sopwith's Equipe Endeavour is interested are rear-engined. One is the Cooper Connaught, which is being fitted with a smaller version of the Formula II Connaught racing engine, and the other is the Cooper with Coventry Climax engine. The Equipe intends

to compete at most of the big meetings held in this country.

It is worth while recalling here that the turbine-engined racing car which was linked with Sopwith's name in the daily newspapers, will not be ready this year. It is a combined effort of the Equipe Endeavour and the Cooper Car Company. It may be ready for racing in 1956.

ONE other reference to the Geneva Show must be made. Armstrong Siddeley showed a Sapphire with the fully automatic gearbox. The new brakes with larger drums were also seen on this car. The price of 27,000 Swiss francs for the twin-carburettor, automatic gearbox model looked a little alarming, but the fact is that the Sapphire offers this particular kind of automatic gearbox at a lower price than any other British car. If my files are up to date the only European car to offer an automatic gearbox with fluid coupling at a lower price is Borgward, for the Borgward 2,400 has the so-called "Hansamatic" transmission and is about £34 less than the Sapphire. I should emphasize that I am speaking here solely of this particular kind of gearbox, because if the field is widened to include all kinds of automatic transmission the Lanchester would have to be included. At the time it first appeared I wrote at some length about the Lanchester.



THE tubeless tyres which Dunlop fitted to my own car some months ago are now set and hold their pressures for periods of up to two months, so that I am gradually dispensing with weekly pressure checks. One slight difficulty occurs if a wheel strikes a kerb sufficiently hard to damage the rim. Unless the wheel is trued up correctly afterwards the tubeless tyre will not hold its pressure and a tube will have to be used. But this sort of trouble is rare.

Most tyre makers now offer tyres with or without tubes. This is true of the new U.S. Royal tyres for which considerable claims are made by the manufacturers on the grounds that they can give improvements in braking and acceleration.

ARGONAUT TROPHY

The final of the Argonaut Trophy, between the Stock Exchange and Civil Service XIs, will be played on the Civil Service Sports Ground at Chiswick on Wednesday, April 27. Kick off 3 p.m.



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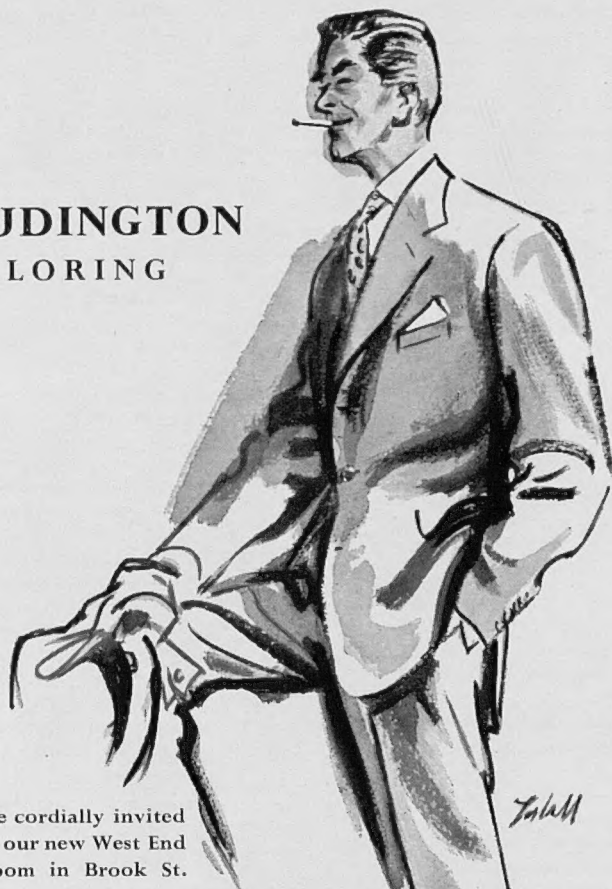
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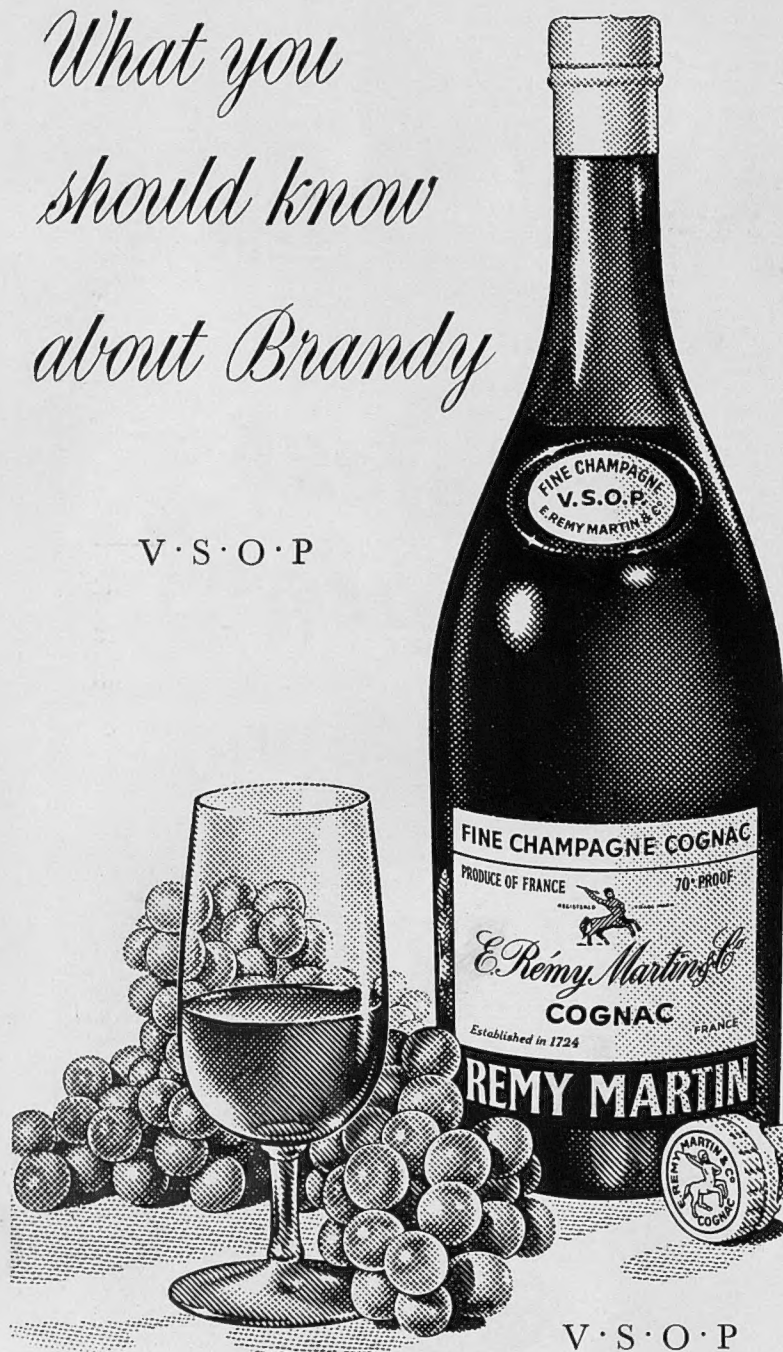
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A YOUNG PAINTER OF GREAT POWER

STANLEY LENCH, an exhibition of whose paintings opens at the Beaux Arts Galleries in Bruton Place, W., tomorrow, has been described as a "modern primitive." This gouache work entitled "The Bird of Death" reveals his unusual and dramatic technique. He is only twenty-one years of age, and is entirely self-taught.



Book Reviews [Continuing from page 665]

A tragedy in Arizona

THE TREASURES OF DARKNESS, by Cornelia Jessey (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a novel with scene set largely upon a train—one of those trains which, almost a mile in length, snake their way across the American continent. Moreover, this is a train in wartime. Civilian travel in Britain, one may recall, was as unenjoyable as it was unpatriotic—across the Atlantic, where journeys may last for days, the chaos during the war years was even greater. However, the journey undertaken by the two sisters, Helena and Henrietta, is really necessary: indeed, grimly so. They are homebound, and for a sufficient reason. Their father, Jud Honey, is being held for the murder of their detestable mother.

The home town is Deniza, Arizona; their point of departure was San Francisco. Helena, the beautiful eldest daughter, has filled in the inter-war years by running wild: no experience fails to have been hers—though the extreme to which she found herself forced appears only at the end of the novel. As against that, she had *not* been guilty (she finds) of that enormity whose memory quered her life. Revealed in flashbacks, hers is a lurid story. Henrietta, musical, shy and dark, has had a different destiny: a home-girl's. The third of the Honey sisters, Augusta, also a home-girl, has recently had a breakdown, nor can one wonder.

The time-sequence of this disturbing story is well-managed: all seems perfectly clear. As a stylist, Miss Jessey is sometimes over-intense. Her strong point is her power to make one see—Deniza, that desert-encircled town with its hell-bent group of pioneer families, has an almost unbearable reality.

And from the start to the end of *The Treasures Of Darkness*, you and I, reader, are on that eternal train.

★ ★ ★

DEATH WALKED IN BERLIN, by M. M. Kaye (Staples, 10s. 6d.), is a tense and successful thriller, set in the ruined capital. Miranda, a girl whose memory holds submerged terrors (she was a war orphan), comes out to Germany on a visit to her soldier cousin Robert Melville and his wife Stella. The Melvilles are taking over a pleasant enough villa in Charlottenburg; but the villa has a sinister story—a years-ago murder and vanished diamonds. That the story is far from over yet is demonstrated in an alarming way: the teller, a brigadier, is stabbed on the train. And two other violent deaths follow—interrupting the otherwise gay routine of cocktails and chat that is usual among Army wives.

Does Miranda, somehow, hold the key to the truth? She is haunted by a semi-familiar face; she feels herself watched—but by whom, and why?

It may be felt that in bringing together, by chance, so many persons concerned with each other's pasts, the author has stretched the admittedly elastic arm of coincidence somewhat far. But the atmosphere's excellent, and the treatment lively. *Death Walked In Berlin* certainly deserves a place on your list.

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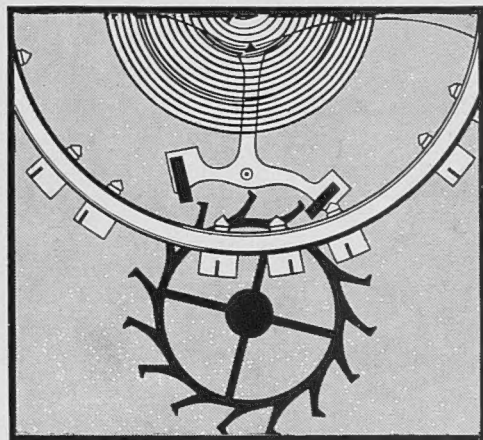
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